

Illustrated Midland News.

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THREEPENCE.

BEFORE THE FIGHT.

It is the nation, and not the individual, that should go to confession on the eve of battle. If each belligerent would retire in solemn privacy and consider—as a man considers who regards himself as standing on the brink of eternity—the antecedents of the quarrel, the deeds of days gone by, the merits of the dispute, the motive of the conflict, the true justice of the cause, many a truce would be called before the drawing of the sword. Let us suppose it is France itself, and not the soldier, the duellist, or the matador who has betaken himself to the ear of the comely priest in our picture, to make a clean breast and a clear conscience before going forth to the wager of life and death, and let us imagine the scene to have taken place in the middle of last July. What questions might not the impartial and unimpassioned Father Confessor have put to the gallant nation about to rush into hostilities? Ah, what a load of unexpiated sin would the fair France have had to acknowledge! What a story of injustice and crime would that be which she must relate! What quarrels made in wantonness and lust and covetousness! What robbery and spoliation and murder! What an account of honest, helpless, harmless people driven away from their homes! What horror and ruin the tokens of which are ineffaceable by the currency of the ages

have not been wrought in times past and in days reaching nearly up to the present by this country of France! Now, as we picture her, taking counsel with her conscience before going once more into the field to meet her enemy of a thousand years of intermittent

warfare, let the priest put the crucial Christian questions to this good Catholic suppliant for absolution. Has she done as she would be done by in all her dealings with the Fatherland? Has she always been guided by principles of justice and dictates of mercy? Is

she quite sure that she has loved, as she loves herself, this neighbour of hers between whom and herself the unhappy quarrel has broken out? Can she place her hand upon her heart and say that her motives are pure, her aims

are just, her cause is that of right and truth, and that there is no honourable means of escape from the awful strife into which she is plunging? The German Fatherland, on the other side of the field, does not go to confession. She is but slightly tinged here and there with the colour of Roman Catholicism; but she is professedly religious, and her King is particularly pious in relation to battles and victories. This Christian combatant before the fight might well have gone to confession of another sort, according to the rites of her own creed, and have catechised her own conscience as to her innocence with respect to the causes of this dispute. Had she regarded War as an evil so grave that it should be the very last resort, and as a thing to be avoided at the expense of the sacrifice of everything but honour and right? Had she considered well, not in ages past merely, but within the last few years, the responsibility of keeping in force the arbitrement of war? Had she respected the property of her neighbours, and assumed no more to herself in her relations with those around her than was due to her as one of the nations of Europe? Had she, in a spirit worthy of the high position she occupies in the ranks of progress and in



CONFESSION BEFORE BATTLE.—FROM A PAINTING BY M. EUGENE GIRAUD.

the work of promoting the happiness and prosperity of the world, done all that was possible with her to avert the awful conflict upon which she was about to enter? Had she sought to avoid the invasion of Denmark, and the struggle with Austria; and had she attempted since 1865 to remove, as far as was possible, consistent with what was really due to her own people, to reduce to the smallest dimensions the causes which seemed during these four years to threaten a rupture between herself and this neighbour of hers whom she knew to be weakly jealous and foolishly susceptible of offence? Unfortunately we cannot bring the nations to Confession before the Eight, or we might hope to see many an awful war averted. The poor individual sinner, appealing for absolution to the Father Confessor in our engraving, is by no means the representative of a nation's strife. He is serious and earnest enough in his own little cause, and evidently in a mood favourable for weighing the merits of the position in which he stands. The Priest, however, takes the matter lightly, and looks very complacently upon the solemn penitent. It is a scene of the days when the church has waxed fat and comfortable, and performs its offices in no exigent mood. Our engraving is from a picture exhibited in the French Academy at Paris this year, painted by *EUGENE GIRAUD*. The work itself is rich in colouring and finely finished. The face of the Father Confessor is an original study. His pose and expression are admirable, and the moulding and drapery of the figure are very fine. The eager abandon, too, of the suppliant is excellently rendered. This engraving may be taken as a characteristic specimen of the French School. There is in it that mixture of piety and *savour-vivre* which is indigenous to France, and the picture altogether is one that would be painted only by a Frenchman.

THE MISSION OF PEACE.

AN ambassador has been hurrying over Europe whose movements men of letters and lovers of literature have watched with eager interest. May we hope that the fatigues and anxieties of one of the most extraordinary diplomatic missions ever undertaken will not prove too much for the strength of the brilliant historian of the French Revolution and the Consulate and Empire? *M. THIERS* is in his seventy-fourth year. Since the fourth of September he has travelled thousands of miles, and visited the chief courts in the western world. He has held consultations with all the leading statesmen of his time, on that most momentous event in the history of the century—the impending ruin of France. He has gone backward and forward between the Government of National Defence at Paris and the Count Von Bismarck, and moved among the Princes and Generals of the North German Confederation, encountering, as we are told, in the corridors of the suburban French hotel, the gay and cheerful *LEOPOLD* of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen who will make a conspicuous figure evermore in the annals of this most notable campaign. What a chapter of history is that in which the veteran *M. THIERS* has so actively engaged! And who is the man living who could so well write down the epic? His French Revolution is as brilliant and fascinating as romance, as forcible and impressive as tragedy. Its chapters are pictures which are never effaced from the memory of the reader. His Consulate and Empire is a modern *Iliad* in prose. It is written, no doubt, with a bias; it is too much a glorification of France and the first *BONAPARTE* to stand as an authoritative history of the period from the siege of Toulon to the loss of Waterloo; but the man who delights in grand literature, apart from prejudice and independent of nationality, can easily forgive *M. THIERS* all his ultra-patriotism, all his

depreciation of England, all his sacrifices of judicial accuracy in the interest of effect, because of the bright light that illumines his pages, because of the life with which he reanimates his heroes, and because of the splendid dramatic march of events, from the first page of the huge pile of volumes to the last. In those works *M. THIERS* wrote only of what he had read and of what his contemporaries, older men than himself, could tell of the great deeds done by and for his country, while he was yet too young to understand their purport; but he has himself been a prominent figure in European history since then. This man, who, if he did not remember Toulon and the expedition to Egypt—the story of which he afterwards told so vividly—was a rising and ambitious youth when the Princes and Generals of the allied Powers met in 1815, and the appointed Prime Minister of *M. LOUIS NAPOLEON* when that adventurer sought to overturn the Orleans dynasty on his descent upon Boulogne thirty years ago. The young lawyer, a failure at the bar, but a brilliant success as a journalist and a man of letters, the boy who left the house of his father, the locksmith of Marseilles, to seek his fortune among the literati of Paris, was the statesman and orator of the Assembly under *LOUIS PHILIPPE*, as striking a figure then in the Government ranks as he has been since 1851 on the Opposition benches. But the scenes through which he has passed since he grew into popularity as a politician by his vehement antagonism with the policy of *CHARLES X.* are as nothing to the episode of 1870. His journey, at seventy-four years of age, from Paris to London, Vienna, St. Petersburg, Florence, Tours; back to the beloved capital of his country by favour of an enemy's passport; thence to the Prussian Diplomatic Court at Versailles—never before profaned by the occupation of a foreigner—and this, after having stood by and seen the empire fall to pieces, for the second time in his experience, by the failure of a *BONAPARTE* in the field—all this forms a story that only he in France is able to write in a manner worthy of the stupendous occasion. A bitter sorrow must it be to him to retire from the presence of the Chancellor of the North German Confederation a beaten man, and to go back to Tours having utterly failed. For the sake of this heroic old man, not less than in pity and brotherly feeling for the great French people, do we all wish that the Mission of Peace of the brilliant historian, minister, and diplomatist, had succeeded. May he live long enough to see tranquility, prosperity, and happiness once again prevailing in France, and long enough too, we cannot help adding, to write the history—dynastic and diplomatic—of the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 and the Decline and Fall of the Second Empire!

PORT WINE OLD IN THE WOOD.—“The readers of the *Medical Times and Gazette* are aware of the importance which we attach to good wine in the treatment of disease. Five samples of Port Wine have been forwarded to our office, which we think well deserving the attention of practitioners. We are informed that they are samples of a great quantity of wine of the vintages 1834, 1840, 1847, 1848, and 1863, which have been left in the wood till quite a recent period, and have been allowed to rest in the caves of their native country. By this means, as we are informed, the wine comes much less than it would have done had it been imported and bottled years ago, and put into store in the wine merchants' cellars in this country; certainly, if we are not misinformed, the wines before us are extremely moderate in price. Moreover, the double process of ripening and development, the parting with superfluous body, and the evolution of fine flavours which wine undergoes as it grows old, is very different in case to what it is in bottle.” (More than one thousand two hundred pipes of these wines were bought from the trustees of the late Baron Seix, by Messrs. W. and A. Gilbey, forming one of the many purchases they are from time to time making in Portugal, to represent their established brands.) “We subjoin the memorandum we jotted down, in the order in which each was handed to us by our secretary: ‘Port 1847—Fine tawny colour, not much deeper than Madeira. Taste strong, rich, subsubdued, clean; fine vinous flavour; no heat.’ Port 1849—Colour and qualities similar to the preceding; hardly so sweet, fine flavour. Port 1834—Colour of Madeira; fine, strong, clean, vinous flavour; very soft; drier than preceding; might be taken for Madeira, yet with decided Port flavour; a very fine wine. Port 1855—Light Port colour; very rich taste; strong vinous; not hot. Port 1863—A sweet, rich, Port Wine; not tereed these wines to the sick with benefit. These old wines, especially the 1834, would be most valuable in any case in which life was menaced by exhausting disease.”—*The Medical Times and Gazette.*

FINE ART AND INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION AT CARDIFF.

ON page 312 will be found a view of the Fine Art and Industrial Exhibition held this autumn in Cardiff, which was opened on the 16th of August, and closed at the end of September. This exhibition was pronounced by gentlemen connected with the South Kensington Museum to be in many respects superior to any show of the kind hitherto held in the provinces. The collection of pictures alone is said to have been surpassed out of London only by the Manchester Fine Art Exhibition held a few years ago. The object of the enterprise was to procure funds for the erection of a permanent museum in the town, and for assisting in the establishment of Schools of Science and Art. The large population and growing importance of the town rendered these objects in every way worthy of support.

Cardiff has during the last twenty years made gigantic strides in prosperity and cultivation. It has become a town of considerable magnitude, and is rapidly increasing. The yearly exports of coal from this town fall short of those from Newcastle only by a very few tons. Being situated in the centre of a manufacturing country, many local objects of considerable interest were brought together. The purposes of the Exhibition were especially served by the fact of there being in the town a magnificent Drill Hall, which was erected a year or two ago by Lord Bute. This building consists of premises nearly 300 feet in length, and at the front, including the side rooms, over 100 feet in width. The main hall is 150 feet long, by 60 feet broad. In the rear of this hall is the “Big Gun Room,” 80 feet long. This was appropriated, in the Show, to trades, manufactures, and machinery in motion.

The collection of paintings was large and excellent. Sculpture was well represented. The porcelain called for special notice. Only connoisseurs could estimate the value of the collection brought together. The articles in this class were most admirably arranged. A series of specimens was exhibited illustrating the way in which the unwary are entrapped in purchasing forgeries of ancient and valuable china. Notes were appended explaining the relative beauty, rarity, and value of the different specimens. Among the models was one of a *Taff Vale* locomotive engine, made by a Cardiff mechanic, and worth a thousand pounds. There was also a beautiful model of the engines supplied by Messrs. Maudslays Brothers to her Majesty's ships of war. In the machinery in motion department were printing presses, ribbon looms, Welsh flannel weavers, and model engines. Messrs. Gray and Davidson supplied an organ with three ranks of key, and concerts were held three times a day. Our view is that of the Main Hall, looking from the entrance.

The Exhibition was a very great success. At the close there was a clear profit of about £1,200, besides glass cases and other properties suitable for the furnishing of the Museum, to the value of £250. A great many season tickets were sold, and the total number of visitors in the six weeks during which the Hall was open, exclusive of season-ticket holders, was 95,000. The greatest number of visitors in one day, also exclusive of season-ticket holders, was 5,498. There is every reason to believe that the Exhibition would have been well attended for another month, for there were thousands of persons in the hill districts anxious to attend, but were prevented from doing so during the six weeks, owing to the lack of railway accommodation, and other causes connected with the season. The people of Cardiff, of all classes, took great interest in the Exhibition. The opening day was a general holiday. Shops were closed, and the principal streets were adorned with flags. The Show was formally opened by the Marquis of Bute, to whom was presented on the occasion, by Mr. E. Payne, the hon. secretary, a highly-polished and ornamental key of steel, with which to open the door, after his lordship had marched in procession through the town, accompanied by the Mayor and the civic dignitaries and officers. Among the paintings in the hall, of which there were 400, were examples of Vandeyke, Holbein, Rubens, Vander-velde, Hogarth, Reynolds, Del Sarto, Moratti, Gainsborough, Walker, Sir A. W. Calcott, Crome, Leakey, Mulready, jun., Unwins, Wilkie, Copley Fielding, Hering, W. Hunt, Redgrave, Kneller, Romney, Paul Veronese, Morland, Etty, Sculou, Coreggio, Leonardo da Vinci, Rembrandt, &c. Among the chief contributors were the Earl of Bute, the Bishop of Llandaff, and the South Kensington Museum.

FACEACHE, TOOTHACHE, THROAT DOLORE—ADAM SMITH'S RUBRILIGNE effects a certain cure.—Drops, 30, Ann Street. Sold by all Chemists; and Halkewich, Yardley. 107

THE CASTLE GATEWAY, LEICESTER.

THE outbreak of war in Europe, and the consequent demand upon our resources for illustrations of military movements, of battle-fields, and the scenes of preparation and conflict, interrupted us in the midst of arrangements we were making for the presentation of a series of pictures illustrating the recent visit of the Royal Archaeological Institute to Leicester. We are sorry to say the war is not over yet. In the present temper of the belligerents it may continue for many months longer; but there is, for some reason, a lull in the arrival of our sketches from France and Germany, and we take the opportunity of giving this week the first of our Leicester scenes. The picture on page 313 is that of the old Castle Gateway, in that ancient town. Our engraving is another—and we think a very favourable—example of the art of graphotype, of which we presented a specimen several weeks ago, in a street view of Oxford. It is the same process as that adopted in the illustrations of our articles on the A B C of Ornamental Design. The drawing, as we explained recently, is made with pointed stiles on a plastic material, whence the block from which we print is cast. In this Castle Gateway of Leicester our readers will hardly fail to observe that engraving is brought to a nearer resemblance to the appearance and effects of an original pencil drawing than by any other method. Leicester Castle was visited by the Archaeological Institute, on the afternoon of Wednesday, the 27th of July. Lord Talbot was among the party, who were formally received by Mr. W. Napier Reeve, the deputy of Lord Berners, who is the constable of the castle. Before any papers were read, the Court of the Duchy of Lancaster was opened by proclamation, and then an address was delivered by the President, upon the History of the Castle and its Constables. The castle, it seems, is believed to have been founded by Ethelreda, and was held by a succession of Norman Earls. The great period in its history was the days of the famous Simon de Montfort, who called together a national convention, which was the foundation of the British Parliament. Leicester Castle has been one of the finest and strongest in the kingdom. A great deal of it has disappeared now, but the core of the wall remains, the outline of the hall is intact, and several of the Norman windows are almost perfect. The gateway, which is faithfully depicted in our engraving, was spoken of by Mr. Clark as a good specimen of the perpendicular style of English architecture, probably the work of John of Gaunt. We need hardly say to those unacquainted with Leicester, that the broken gateway forms a very picturesque as well as interesting ruin.

“SHELLS AND SWELLS.”

ON page 313 our artist has given a representative sketch of Mr. Vance's comic opera called “Shells and Swells” recently presented by that popular comedian and comic vocalist before large audiences at Birmingham, and about to be performed in all the chief towns in the Midland Counties. The plot of the piece is slight, its object being to introduce a number of new character-songs and to afford Mr. Vance an opportunity of appearing before the audience, at brief intervals, in several totally different characters, in which he displays remarkable dexterity and versatility. Our picture is not a fac-simile of a particular scene. The artist has so arranged it as to introduce Mr. Vance at the same moment in the three different characters, and to personate. It is as difficult to recognise the actor in these separate parts on the stage as in our engraving, and, as he appears several times in each character, now vanishing as the funny page, and pressing himself almost immediately as the swell adventurer out of luck or the heavy guardsman, poking in his head between whistles with a characteristic grin as the page, his transformation movements behind the scenes must be as clever in their way as the entire alteration of his tone, bearing, and personation before the curtain. Mr. Vance is the writer and composer of many of his own comic songs, some of which have had an extraordinary popularity. He is “Jolly Dogs,” with its startling “Slap, bang!” chorus, had a greater run than almost any other song of a similar character in recent years.

MARVILLA COCOA FOR BREAKFAST.—*The Globe says*—“Taylor Brothers' Marvilla Cocoa has achieved a thorough success, and supplies a better cocoa in the market. Entirely soluble, delicate aroma, and all the concentration of the purest elements of nutrition, distinguish the Marvilla Cocoa above all others. For homoeopathic and invalids we could not recommend a more agreeable or valuable beverage—Sold in packets only, at all grocers. Sole proprietors, Taylor Brothers, London.” [73]

PURE WATER.—*ALFRED BIRD*, Experimental Chemist, begs to announce that he has perfected his new *CAVANA* Filter, price 7s. 6d. each, which he guarantees shall deliver 60 gallons of pure water daily.—To be seen in action at 59, Wellington Street, Birmingham. [74]

WATKIN'S TOILET CLUB, 6, Union Street.—Hair cutting and shampooing, 6s. Particular attention paid to the Hair Cutting, Clean Shaven and Towels. A large Stock of Head-dresses, Plaits, Wigs, Braids, Fronts, &c., to select from. Orders taken are executed on the shortest notice; and care is taken in matching the colour. Pomades, Lime Juice, Perfumes, Sponges, Combs, and Brushes in stock. &c. of the lowest price. N.B.—A large quantity of Perfume Fountains from 1d. to 1s. [75]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you broken in your rest by a sick child suffering with the pain of cutting teeth? Go at once to a chemist and get a box of *WINDY*. It is so simple, so safe, and so sure, that it will relieve the poor sufferer immediately. It is perfectly harmless, and produces no action upon the system. It is the best remedy for the child from pain, and the little cherub smiles as bright as a button. It is very pleasant to take, and it is so mild, it cures the gums, always all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for dysentery and diarrhoea, whether arising from indigestion or other causes. It is sold by all medicine venders at 1s. 1d. per bottle. [76]

SKETCHES BY "PHIZ."



FAIR AND FALSE.

FAIR AND FALSE.

There was a tender beauty in her face,
A smile like magic,
A mystic light within her soft dark
eyes,
Half gay—half tragic;
As if the better angel of her life
At times were grieving,
To find that one so fair and young
could be
Ever deceiving.

For shame to tell! she trifled with
two hearts
With both coquetting,
And so I tore her image from my
breast
My love forgetting.
Yet blame not *all* because deceit lay
shined
In heart so youthful;
For one false woman, trust me, you
will find
TEN THOUSAND truthful!

Men, if they ain't too lazy, live
sometimes till they are 80, and des-
troy the time a good deal as follows:
—The first 30 they spend throwing
stuns at a mark, the second 30 they
spend in examining the mark to see
where the stuns hit, and the remain-
der is divided in cussing the stone-
throwing bizzness, and nussing the
rumatizz.



A PLEASANT DREAM.

DAY DREAMS.

Sitting underneath a tree
I build airy castles,
While in every cloud I blow
Float my fairy vassals,
Dancing round me, dancing round me,
Circling in the vapour,
Like the midges o'er a pool—
Like the boys released from school—
Or moths around a taper.

Let me preach in playful tone
With the due inflation;
Pointing morals, sure as fate,
To my congregation.
"See this slender rod of clay,
White and frail and little,
Type of poor mortality,
(That Death snaps in cruel play,
Life is no less brittle."

Thin and sharp and winding blue
Rise the clouds above one,
Lingering o'er the preacher's head
(How can such things love one?)
Half contemptuously I roll
Up my sermon paper,
"Riches, beauty, glory—all"
(Let the words like good seed fall)
"Vanish like a vapour."

A lady recently amused herself in
church on Sunday by counting the
different styles of doing up the hair,
and found fifty-one.



LOVE AND STUDY.



DAY DREAMS.



A LABOUR OF LOVE.

TRARBUCH.

Trarbuch is on the Moselle, in the Prussian Rhine Provinces, some sixty or seventy miles below Metz. It is in that portion of German territory coveted by the French, and would probably have changed hands at the end of this war if the fortunes of the campaign had been reversed. Its transference from Prussian to French rule is necessary to that "rectification of frontier" of which we have heard so much since 1866. Happily for the fifteen hundred honest, industrious, and peaceful inhabitants of this village, the tide of conflict has been turned in another direction, and Trarbuch and its neighbours, who would have been certain to suffer at the very outset of the French invasion of Germany, are saved at the expense of the equally

the construction of a fort then in process of erection. This well-authenticated legend enables us to realize pretty distinctly the sort of life led by the people of Trarbuch and its neighbourhood in the days of feudalism five hundred years ago; but they were not much better off when the quarrels of counts and bishops gave place to the wars of kings and emperors. On the left hand side of the Moselle, directly opposite the Castle whose ruins are depicted in our sketch, on the summit of a lofty hill, in the year 1681, the great military engineer Vauban, erected for Louis the Fourteenth of France, a mighty fortress which completely commanded the passage of the Moselle. Like the seizure of Strasburg and Metz by the same country, this act of war was perpetrated in a time of peace, and the fortress was

THE MISERIES OF AUTHORS.

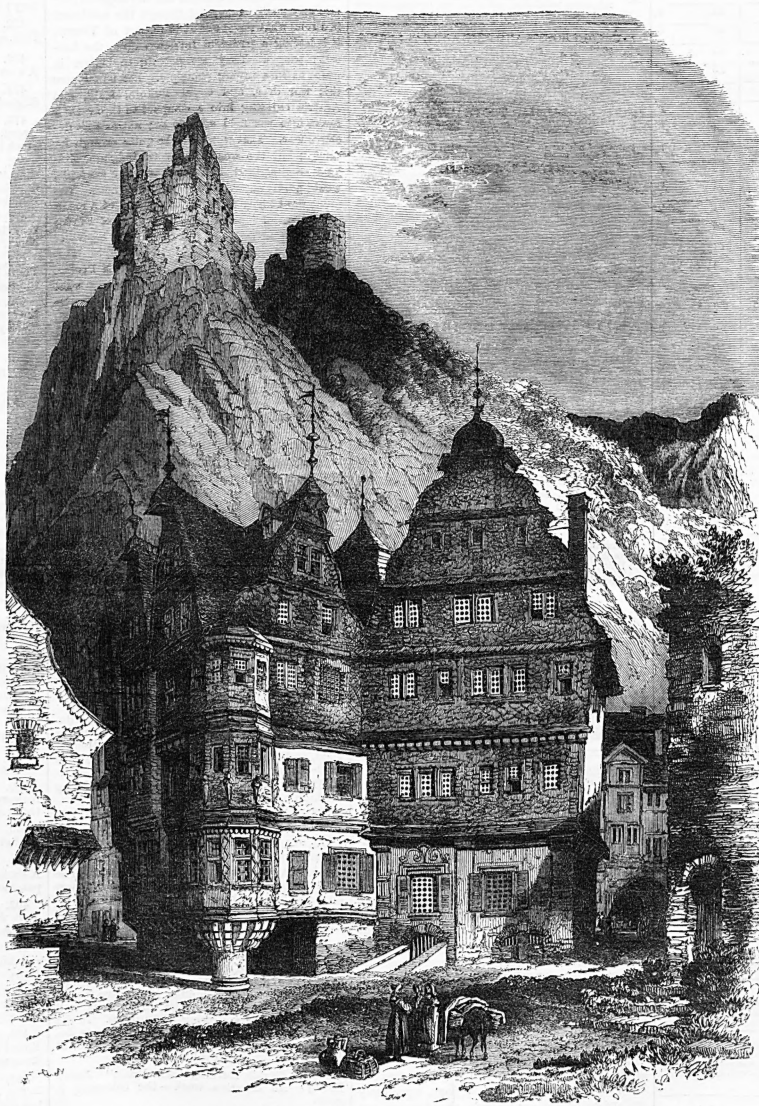
A story is related of one Mr. Doublepenny, a "good" man in the City, and his reception of an aspirant to the honours of Mount Parnassus, fresh from the country with a "Farmer's Boy" ready to start in stereotype from his throbbing brow. Mr. Doublepenny, like George I., detested poetry and poets, and was determined to spoil sport. "My young friend," inquired the thriving capitalist, as he jingled the guineas in his pocket, "carefully consider your choice. Do you prefer a crust in a garret, or a hot joint with me here in the parlour?" Piatius, we grieve to report, prevailed against Calliope. Mr. Doublepenny's offer of a partnership was a sore temptation, and could hardly be resisted. Solid pudding was admitted to be superior to starvation on flatulent

sistence. Cervantes, the author of "Don Quixote" is supposed to have "wanted food." Camoens, who gave to the world the noble Epic of the Lusiad "died" in a hospital at Lisbon. The woes of Torquato Tasso are alike the theme of the historian, the biographer, and the dramatist. Ariosto, "the inimitable," was crowned by Charles V. with laurel; but his house, built at the expense of Alphonso, bore the unmistakable impress of indigence. In his Satires, the author of *Orlando Furioso* bitterly complains of the bondage of dependence and penury. Corneille, no great creative genius, but an acknowledged French classic, was found by Racine dying for want of a little mutton broth. Louis XIV. is said to have sent him "a small sum of money." Munificent gift of the "Grand Monarque!" The miseries of authors are

not restricted by the confines of time and space. Ancient, mediæval, and modern instances are unhappily abundant. Plautus was a slave, and ground corn for a baker until the sale of three plays enabled him to purchase his freedom. Edmund Spenser, according to Malone, enjoyed a small pension; but his life was one of vicissitude and privation. There is good authority to support the belief that he died in a common lodging-house in King-street, Westminster (in January, 1598), and probably of a broken heart. Oliver Goldsmith, who did not survive his forty-fifth year, pointedly replied to the last inquiry of his physician "whether his mind was at ease," that it was *not*; and yielded the spirit to Him who gave it, overpowered and overwhelmed by the evils of this troublesome world. Johnson has pathetically portrayed the wretchedness of a literary career in his "Vanity of Human Wishes," and it is well known that, at one time, he literally wanted bread, and was famishing for lack of food. So Southey, who, like the great lexicographer, lived comfortably in his latter days, was often glad, as a tyro, to appease the pangs of hunger with bread and cheese. We still shudder at the tragic fate of poor Chatterton as we walk through Brook-street on our way to St. Allan's Church, or think of Mr. Leslie's masterly picture in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1856. Savage was a scamp, no doubt, and his vices proved his ruin; but his origin was unfortunate; and if sin could be expiated by disgrace and suffering, this surely was a case in point. Savage died in a debtor's prison, like Captain Costigan, in Thackeray's *Pendennis*, and was buried at the expense of the jailor. Wicked or intellectually worthless men, as we daily see to our vexation, amass wealth, build new barns, add house to house, and field to field, die without "bands," and "leave the rest of their substance to their babes." No more a Lazarus, who lies a beggar at their gate, but the gifted gentleman next door, is doomed to wear lean and hungry looks, to pine and to perish for lack of the crumbs, the mere superfluity of such

men's fulness of bread. We will not moralise on the picture, or try to poke out the hidden philosophy of the problem. Let the facts speak for themselves; but let none fail to ponder them with profound reflection.—*Court Circular.*

A YACHT VOYAGE FROM BRISTOL TO THE COAST OF AFRICA.—On Wednesday the 2nd inst. a small yacht, measuring only about 26 feet from end to end, left the Bathurst basin on a voyage to the Coast of Africa. She is said to be 15 tons burden, and she left Bristol with a cargo of 10 tons of salt, about 8 cwt. of pig iron for ballast, and two or three casks of water and provisions. She is commanded by Captain Langdon, in addition to whom there are the mate and two men on board. She is cutter-rigged, and if favoured with good weather will make her voyage in about six weeks.



TRARBUCH, IN THE RHINE PROVINCES.

Loretta called together her vassals and lead them into the field, expelled the invaders, and inflicted upon them severe punishment and heavy losses. And the Countess was not content with this victory. She made reprisals. During that same year the bishop, suspecting nothing, was one day quietly sailing down the Moselle, from his palace at Treves to the city of Coblenz, with but a small body of followers, when the progress of his barge was arrested, nearly opposite the Castle of Stuckenburgh, by a chain stretched across the river, below the surface of the water, and the bishop and his retainers were made captive by a body of the Countess of Sponheim's armed vassals. The astonished and crest-fallen prelate was led before the Countess in her castle, and though she treated him with great courtesy, she held him prisoner until he had paid a large ransom, and bound himself to agree to abandon

actually built on German territory. King Louis' excuse was a perfectly groundless claim to the Domains of the Count of Sponheim, the lord of the opposite Castle of Grünburg. As many as 8,000 men were employed by Vauban in the construction of this fortress, and sixteen years afterwards it was levelled to the ground in conformity with the terms of the Treaty of Ryswick, the Duke of Marlborough having achieved great victories over the French forces during the long campaign which succeeded the general peace. The structure was called Fort Montroyal, of which the ruins still remain. There are, therefore, no longer any strong places in the immediate neighbourhood of Trarbuch, but the Prussian Rhine Provinces generally bristle with fortresses, and had Napoleon III. invaded that territory there would have been as many well defended sieges as we have witnessed in France.

fustian. The man of money had crushed a bard in the bud, and commemorated the exploit at dinner time, the same day, with a bottle of his oldest port.

Times have changed, it is true, since the "poor-devil" author was the tyne of literary labourers. Pecuniary success is now rather the rule than the exception. Mr. Thackeray and Mr. Dickens lived in elegant luxury, and left large fortunes. These, it may be said, were popular writers and general favourites. But the Poet Laureate, who writes for a far more refined and select circle, has had no reason, we believe, to complain of his negotiations with publishers.

Mr. Disraeli the elder, a high authority and a sympathetic narrator of the gripping poverty once almost a peculiarity of literary life, has cited some remarkable examples of the sufferings of great writers from insufficient means of sub-

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WATCHES and CLOCKS,

MACHINE MADE.

BRACELETS, STRAP,

BRACELETS, ETRUSCAN,

BRACELETS, NINEVEH,

BRACELETS, SAXON,

BROOCHES, ETRUSCAN,

BROOCHES, NINEVEH,

BROOCHES, SAXON,

BROOCHES, EGYPTIAN,

CHAINS, PRINCESS,

CHAINS, CYLINDER,

CHAINS, CURB,

CHAINS, CABLE,

EARRINGS, ETRUSCAN,

EARRINGS, SAXON,

EARRINGS, EGYPTIAN,

EARRINGS, NINEVEH,

LOCKETS, ENGRAVED,

LOCKETS, CORDED,

LOCKETS, CROSS,

BRACELETS with PEARLS,

BRACELETS with RUBIES,

BRACELETS with EMERALDS,

BROOCHES with TURKISH,

BROOCHES with ONYX,

BROOCHES with CARBUNCLES,

BROOCHES with PEARLS,

BROOCHES with RUBIES,

BROOCHES with EMERALDS,

EARRINGS with TURKISH,

EARRINGS with CORAL,

EARRINGS with AMETHYSTS,

EARRINGS with OPALS,

EARRINGS with RUBIES,

EARRINGS with EMERALDS,

GOLD WATCHES, LADIES,

GOLD WATCHES, " "

GOLD WATCHES, 1-PLATE,

GOLD WATCHES (HUNTING),

GOLD WATCHES, 1-PLATE,

GOLD WATCHES, " "

GOLD WATCHES, KEYLESS,

GOLD WATCHES, " "

GOLD WATCHES (HUNTING),

LOCKETS, CARRIAGE,

LOCKETS, " (STRIKING),

LOCKETS, " "

LOCKETS, LIBRARY (MARBLE),

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PRINCE PONATOWSKI.

A PENNA. "The Prince, who is an accomplished musician, has composed a charming song, 'Penna,' which cannot fail to become a general favorite."—*Review*, Sent for 21 stamps.—DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

VIRGINIA GABRIEL'S NEWEST SONGS. "The First Snow," "Waiting," "Voices of the Past," "I think of Thee in the Night," and "Home at Last." These songs, just published, are equal to any of Miss Gabriel's best compositions. Sent for 21 stamps each.—DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

A MY ROBERT. By J. P. KNIGHT. "The night was on, and my Lord music came down—Kendalish. The words and music of this new song are excellent."—*Review*, Sent for 21 stamps.—DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

THE MOTHER and THE ANGEL. One of the most successful songs of the present season. Sent by Madame Patey. Composed by J. B. BROWN. In D. Sent for 21 stamps.—DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

ONLY. By VIRGINIA GABRIEL. This celebrated song is published in G for Contralto, in B flat for Tenor or Soprano, and for Piano by Henry Richard, also in E. L. Hine. "Only Valse," by G. Richardson. Sent for 21 stamps each.—DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

CROQUET SCHOTTISCHE. By MARIOTT. The pretty melody of the favourite song "Croquet" is very appropriate for a Schottische, and will be equally popular. Sent for 14 stamps.—DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

FRY'S CARACAS COCOA.

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FRY'S CARACAS COCOA.

support of the *Times* in the full extent of her demands upon France. But the only effectual fence against encroachment and war in the future would be an alliance, for the definite purpose of the preservation of peace, between Great Britain and two or three first-class European powers, binding themselves once at all to renounce aggression. At present Great Britain is, perhaps, the only country in the world that would be disposed so to bind herself, and hence the safety of Europe is not likely to be secured as yet.

STILL we cannot help thinking that the glorious consummation of a safeguard for European peace is more than half accomplished in the fact that there is one Power ready to enter into such a Treaty. This country forms a very favourable basis for the foundation of a peace compact. The completion of the unity of Italy promises to be a step in the same direction. Modern Italy has never shown an aggressive spirit. It has no desire to encroach beyond its own boundaries, and no special disposition to fight for the sake of fighting. Then again, Austria has developed a particularly pacific tone, and though the sentiment is a somewhat novel one at the Court of Vienna, it is having a powerful influence upon the Austrian people. They are getting to believe in peace as in a saving principle. Let us suppose this war over, and Great Britain, Italy, and Austria entering into a compact to throw their forces into the field against any nation that declares war. That would not be quite enough for safety; but the smaller Powers, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, and Denmark, for example, would gladly enter into such an agreement. The event most likely to stand in the way of a result like this would be the dismemberment of France in the present war, and the consequent legacy of hatred and revenge against Germany. This hindrance, however, might be averted if Prussia is honest. She declares that she does not want territory, but only a safeguard. The Powers we have mentioned might afford her that safeguard, and with such an assurance might not Germany withdraw from Alsace and Lorraine, and so make this awful war the last in Europe? But we doubt the sincerity of Prussia when she demands Alsace and Lorraine, not for the sake of territory, but only for a fence against encroachments.

THE holding of two Cabinet Councils in Downing-street this week suggests the idea that her Majesty's Ministers have not yet abandoned all hope of averting the worst calamities of the war. May we expect to hear of further mediation? A Treaty of England, Italy, Austria, and France, binding over France to keep the peace towards Germany, united or disunited, ought to satisfy Prussia, and to induce her, for the sake of harmony, and her own good name, to leave Alsace and Lorraine to her beaten enemy.

THE ROYAL BIRMINGHAM SOCIETY OF ARTISTS.

[ELEVENTH NOTICE.]

451. "Who's This?" James Cole.—The detail, that so often spoils a good picture, is, in this instance, well managed. The composition is good, and the figures are life-like. The young mother's face is a success.

452. "A Shady Glen." C. Grierson.—Hung too high to be properly seen.

453. "A Mountain Road, Carnarvonshire." J. E. Herbert.—Looks washed out and unfinished.

454. "An Old Bridge—Evening." T. Whittle.—Bad in colour.

455. "A Flower Girl." E. J. Cobbett.—The figure is too refined and lady-like for a flower girl. She looks a little insouciant, though pretty.

456. "Derbyshire Lane—Scene." G. Turner.—Sunny and bright and pretty.

457. "Royalist Prisoner before Cromwellian Troops." 458. "The Despatch (Charles I.)." T. J. Barker.—A valuable pair of pictures. Clever and original, though we fancy the men and figures are too much alike in the two works. In the former the Royalist Prisoner is well painted, and has a striking appearance. In the latter the old hind leg of the white horse is decidedly out of drawing. Each work is marked at £42—we prefer the Royalist Prisoner.

462. "Pirates Burning their Prize." James Dauby.—An effective work—the colouring is good.

460. "A Cottage Door." W. Underhill.—We never saw such an ugly heavy-headed child before either on or off canvas. It is worse than the one in the picture at "Peep of Day."

461. "Lapley Church, Staffordshire." R. Mann, jun.—Does not show much merit.

462. "Twickenham Church, on the Thames." Edwin Taylor.—A clever bit of landscape. The distance is admirably rendered.

463. "The Fortune Teller in our Charade." Walter Anderson.—A lovely child having the sweetest face of any in the Exhibition. It is a beautiful study that will live long in the remembrance. It will bear the closest inspection, and the more it is looked at the more it will be admired. It is marked at £22 18s.—In our estimation it is worth twice as much as some of the pictures that are set down at above £100.

464. "A Highland Burn." J. Mitchell.—Cleverly painted, but spotty and too highly coloured.

465. "Leaving Home for Service." Daniel Munro.—The girl looks stupid, but the figure is well painted.

466. "Near Hampton, on Thames." Edwin Taylor.—By the same artist as 462. They are both good pictures. The distance is capably caught.

467. "Push Half-penny." J. W. Chapman.—Queer in manner, but valuing this work (like "Good Night") at £157 10s.? There are pictures on all sides at one fourth the price that, to our mind, are prettier than the one in question, and display more ability.

468. "Good Morning." T. Brooks.—What does the artist mean by valuing this work (like "Good Night") at £157 10s.? There are pictures on all sides at one fourth the price that, to our mind, are prettier than the one in question, and display more ability.

469. "The Couple." E. Long.—Shows taste and talent. The young woman has a pretty face.

470. "The Swing." James C. Waite.—A nice painting—good in light and shade.

One of the small rooms is devoted to the exhibition of water-colour drawings, of which there are nearly two hundred. It is, upon the whole, a good little collection. The first is

471. "The Slopes of Snowdon, from Llanberis Pass." J. J. Curnock.—A good specimen of water colour. The boulders, the water breaking over them, the sheep, the distance, are admirably depicted. The yellow leather colour on the hills in the foreground is not quite satisfactory; it is monotonous and unreal.

472. "On the Llugwy, North Wales." J. H. Cole.—Very good, but treads rather ultra green.

473. "Road by the River." W. D. Barker.—A nice drawing, but the water is not fluid enough.

474. "A Welsh Child." William Gillard. Slightly wooden.

475. "The Fairy Glen, North Wales." R. Green.—The facets of stones and rocks are too much like patches.

476. "On the Lydney Meadows, Gloucestershire." Charles W. Radcliffe.—An effective drawing. The tree, the bridge, and the cows are well done. Water hardly so successful.

477. "Morning Mists." R. Haddon.—The very bold bridge in front shows the work too much.

478. "Sketch on the Bedel." J. H. Cole.—There is a wisp of smoke, and a wisp of smoke of the rocks and trees, but it is not a bad picture.

479. "Sir Bors." Constance Phillott.—This is the "square-set man and honest" of Tennyson's "Holy Grail." It is a work of thought and care.

480. "Dead Grouse." James Hardy, jun.—Very good.

481. "Peonies." Mrs. Harris.—Pretty well drawn, and nicely coloured.

482. "Grubs and Butterflies." An admirable picture, in conception, composition, and detail. The old man, poring over his etymology, while the flitting goes on behind the screen, is excellent.

483. "On the Moors, Portmadoc." J. C. Reel.—There is hardly enough in the scene, but it is well studied. The cows, the low hill-tops in the middle ground, and the heavy grey sky are excellent.

484. "Middle Fell-gate Academy." W. J. Muckley.—A very clever picture. The apartment that is living-room, school-room, kitchen, scullery, and general store-house, is admirably presented.

485. "La Rue de Jersuel, Dinan." J. H. Howard Harris.—Street pretty well done, but rather formal, and it wants softness.

486. "When Summer breathes soft and fair." &c. William Godling.—The cows are good and the scene is very well put together; but, for a summer's day, the water ought not to be covered with a sheet of ice.

487. "Spring, near West Malvern." E. de Poix-Tyrel.—Dainty roses daintily painted.

488. "A Country Forge." Louis Bonas.—Very good, but a little bad in places.

489. "Through the Wood." J. S. Gresley.—A very agreeable woodland scene. The tree-trunk and the avenue are excellent.

490. "The Little Gardener." E. Hume.—Rather amateurish, but encouraging.

491. "A Sunday Bird Mart." E. Beckman.—A curious picture. Patchy in composition, and patchwork in colour, but spirited.

492. "French Fisher Girl." J. C. Waite.—Very well done, but would be improved if the girl had a little more expression in the face.

493. "Conway, North Wales." George Hayes.—A nice little picture.

494. "Maying." James Hardy, jun.—Priced at twelve guineas, and marked "sold." The figures are very good, but the faces want more vivacity.

495, 496. "Weed Burning" and "Spring." E. de Poix-Tyrel.—Curiously successful in the treatment of very small figures.

497. "Watering the Cattle." Henry Birtles.—The cattle in the stream are not badly drawn, but the trees in the background are not at all good.

498. "Children of the Black Forest." Joseph Bouvier.—Meretricious.

499. "A Quiet Nook." Peter Deakin.—The ramification of the tree is artificial.

500. "Moonlight, Gulf of Spezia." The water and the shipping in the heavily illumined gloom are excellent; but the dark atmospheric blue is surely overdone?

STORY OF A CHECK.—A bank check for 500 dollars, which has had a curious history, was sent to the Treasury Department at Washington a short time since. It was taken from the body of a murdered Texan cattle-drover several years ago by Indians, who, in consequence of the variety of colours in the rich engravings, attached some special importance to it, and cut the paper into pieces, dividing them among the tribe. A Peace Commissioner finally persuaded the gentle savages to give up the pieces, and he hustled them together and forwarded the check—now complete—to Washington.

EIGHTEEN-CARAT GOLD.

"The use of machinery in the manufacture of gold articles is of great advantage to the public."—*Morning Paper*.

EIGHTEEN-CARAT GOLD.

"By the introduction of machinery 50 per cent. is saved in the manufacture of gold jewellery."—*Standard*, September, 1867.

EIGHTEEN-CARAT GOLD.

"Owing to machinery, they can give eighteen-carat gold ornaments much cheaper than when they were produced by hand."—*Court Journal*.

MR. STREETER makes his parts of a Watch in the same manner, saving an immensity of cost in labour, while at the same time he produces an accuracy of fit and proportion which can only be produced by machinery. —*Daily News*, Dec. 10, 1868.

MR. STREETER has already succeeded in producing by machinery well-made English Lever Watches, which he can sell at a price as low as that at which an ordinary Geneva Watch can be obtained, with the greater advantage of durability.—*Standard*, Dec. 11, 1868.

MR. STREETER, of Conduit-street, has followed the example of the Americans, in producing his watches by machinery, thereby saving one-third of the cost.—*Morning Paper*, December 15, 1868.

THE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, BOUND IN CLOTH, is now Ready,

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LITERATURE.

THE CHASE, THE TERN, AND THE ROAD. By N. M. CHASE. New edition. Illustrated. London: John Murray.

The papers which make up this handsome little volume appeared originally in the *Quarterly Review*. They have been collected together, and embellished with illustrations by Mr. Alken. The pictures are worthy of the letter-press, and that is saying a great deal. We do not know a pleasanter or better written book. It is full of the spirit of the hunt and the turf. The author is at home in all that appertains to horse and rider, in the field and on the race course. We heartily commend his work to our readers. It comes before us at a most opportune time, the opening of the hunting season. The work is turned out in the best possible fashion, and we have no doubt it will speedily be found in all the country houses of the Midlands.

FUJI AND THE FIJIAN. By Thomas Williams. Extended with Notices of Recent Events. By James Calvert. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

This is a third edition of an admirably written history of the Fiji mission. The narrative affords another illustration of the axiom that "truth is stranger than fiction." Mr. Calvert has brought the story much nearer to the present day than the first edition, and he has done this with a careful and discriminating hand. In a supplementary chapter he has treated the present aspect of the mission, and his remarks will be read with very special interest by all who are engaged in such questions. The book contains some curious facts concerning the manners and customs of the Fijians, and is illustrated both by wood-cuts and lithographs, the frontispiece being an excellent picture of "The Matabani, or the Valley of the Burea." By J. B. de Liefde. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

Those of our readers who remember the author's historical novel, "The Beggars," will be rejoiced to meet him again in a lighter work. In these days of periodical trash, cooked up to catch the pennies of "the boys of England," the public ought to be grateful to a writer of respectability who gives to the world a good book for boys. The work before us is a clever, rapid, interesting story, told in a full, healthy, and unexcited manner, and we commend it heartily to parents and guardians. The story is one of past days—the capture of Breda being an incident more than two hundred years old. That great event is not likely to be forgotten by the readers of "Walter's Escape."

THE NOVEMBER MAGAZINES.

Two periodicals of the current month arrived somewhat tardily after our notice of last week's batch had gone to press. The first is *Once a Week*, which no longer bears the old familiar impress of Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, but is published in Tavistock-street, and wears an altogether new face. *Once a Week* has undergone several changes since its first appearance, and owed its existence to the suppression of *Household Words* and the starting of *All the Year Round*. That literary coup d'état of the great novelist was performed in consequence of a disagreement between Mr. Dickens and Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, arising indirectly out of the refusal of the managers of *Punch* to publish Mr. Dickens's vindication of himself with respect to his separation from Mrs. Dickens. The rupture of the partnership of Messrs. Bradbury and Evans and Mr. Dickens in *Household Words* entailed great financial loss upon the publishers, which they sought in vain to repair by the establishment of the new periodical *Once a Week*. It was an excellent publication from the first, and was conducted with great enterprise. It was the first magazine which combined high-class literature with such a great variety of illustrations. The editor had at his command nearly the whole literary and artistic staff of *Punch*, and, though the new publication stood no chance in the race with Mr. Dickens's own magazine, *All the Year Round*, it still managed to suffer no less whatever by its change of title, *Once a Week* met with a good deal of success, and deserved a great deal more. In new hands now, it is in general tone and character, though not in aspect, much improved, and it has presented itself. It is more sparing in its illustrations, but its fiction is of the same intellectual sort, and its essays are generally of that true literary stamp which used to distinguish it as a literary *littre*—a pleasant designation, now going very much out of use. It is tastefully and judiciously edited, and the editor's contributions, under the head of "Table Talk," contain much pleasant gossip, and many gleamings which are not to be picked up by the general reader on the surface of literature and current intelligence. There are two novels current. One is "The Mortimers," by the editor; the other is "One of Two," or, a Left-handed Bride, by Hain Friswell. There is an article on "The Bonaparte Family," which will be read with interest as an excellent summary of the lives and characters of the Bonapartes, and with amusement on account of the strange eccentricities and eccentricity of the writer in his mode of expressing himself. After stating that for several generations the Bonapartes led a life of respectable mediocrity in Corsica, he tells us that "Charles Bonaparte and his wife broke through this monotony by giving birth to eight children"—as if the preceding were entirely a joint affair, and hence the breach of monotony. Talking the fortunes of the family, he says:—"One of them became an emperor, three became kings, one a queen, one a reigning sovereign, and one a princess." The distinction the author sets up between the emperor, the king, the queen, and the princess, is rather odd. Speaking of the twenty-six grandchildren of the father and mother who gave birth to eight, he says that "in none of them has there ever appeared any appearance of weakness," and a line or two later he says that "the twenty-six grandchildren 'have been—for good and evil—perpetually in the mouths of men.'" Another paragraph begins thus:—"Lucien left seven children, some of whom are still living. Two daughters, both dead, married English noblemen." The language is strange, but there is sense in the paper. We agree with the author's closing remark, that the world has not heard the last of the Bonapartes.

The readers of current moral fiction and essays are familiar with the name of Mrs. Ellis, another of "The Women of England." This lady is one of the leading contributors to *Our Own Fireside*. The running story is hers, and is called, "Westwood Green." The Rev. Hobart Seymour is giving, in successive chapters, the "Story of the Inquisition." Telling once again the tale of the assault of the catholics upon the town of Beziers, in the crusade against the Albigenses, he reminds his readers of the memorable command of Arnold Amalric, the papal legate, thus:—"When the knightly leaders asked how they were to distinguish between the catholics and the heretics, the ferocious reply, exhibiting the true spirit of the crusade, was this: 'Slaughter them all! slaughter them all! for the Lord knoweth them that are his!'" In this number of *Our Own Fireside*, the Rev. Sydney Godolphin Osborne, in an eloquent plea for help for the wounded in battle, bitterly denounces the conduct of both belligerents for entering upon this war having made disgracefully little preparation for the care of the wounded. He gives some figures in a foot note:—"In Europe, America, and the East, between the years 1855 and 1866, 1,743,491 men were killed in battle, or died of their wounds. *Our Own Fireside* contains nicely illustrated papers on Natural History, and the frontispiece is an effective view of the Boulevard de Sebastopol, Paris.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE CONSORT: A TALE OF THE FRENCH WAR OF 1813. From the French of MM. Erekmann-Chatrian. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

WATERLOO: A SEQUEL TO "THE CONSORT." From the French of MM. Erekmann-Chatrian. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

THE BLOCKADE OF HALSBURG: AN EPISODE OF THE FALL OF THE FIRST FRENCH EMPIRE. From the French of MM. Erekmann-Chatrian. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

NEW MUSIC.

THE MICAWBER QUADRILLE. By J. Winterbottom. London: Weippert & Co.—Simple and lively. Introduces popular airs, ending with "Rule Britannia," and Mr. Wilkins Micawber's departure for Australia. The air we looked for, first is got almost in at all. We allude to "Auld lang Syne," which was sung with such enthusiasm over the flowing bowl when David went to sup with Micawber and the wife of his bosom at Canterbury. Mr. Winterbottom has made a mistake in leaving it out. There are attractive illustrations on the cover, giving portraits of Mr. Rowe in private dress, and as Micawber, and representing also the principal scenes from David Copperfield as produced at the Olympia.

THE LAURA MAZURKA. By Edouard Ronville. London: Weippert Co.—There is an ugly illustration on the title page. The music is rather pretty.

ALL MY DREAMS. Written and composed by F. Shrivall. London: Weippert & Co.—Both words and music are very pretty. This cannot be said of many recent songs.

OH! MY LOST LOVE. Written by Jean Ingelow. Music by Alfred Plumptre. London: Weippert & Co.—It has a religious strain that is full of music and feeling. The same words, first is got almost in at all. We allude to "Auld lang Syne," which was sung with such enthusiasm over the flowing bowl when David went to sup with Micawber and the wife of his bosom at Canterbury. Mr. Winterbottom has made a mistake in leaving it out. There are attractive illustrations on the cover, giving portraits of Mr. Rowe in private dress, and as Micawber, and representing also the principal scenes from David Copperfield as produced at the Olympia.

We can fairly recommend to our readers any of the following songs by Alfred Plumptre. They all give proofs of taste and talent, and will be sure to please.

SAY FAREWELL. By Alfred Plumptre. London: Weippert & Co.

THE EBB AND FLOW. Words by Rea; Music by Alfred Plumptre. London: Weippert & Co.

REMEMBRANCE. Poetry by Emily Brontë; Music by Alfred Plumptre. London: Weippert & Co.

BESSIE'S HOPE. Poetry by A. A. Procter; Music by Alfred Plumptre. London: Weippert & Co.

NEW MUSIC RECEIVED.

THE MARSEILLAISE. J. T. Treckell. London: Metzler & Co.

THE WATCH BY THE RHINE. By J. T. Treckell. London: Metzler & Co.

THE UHLAN GALOP. By T. Browne. London: Metzler & Co.

LITTLE EM'LY. From "David Copperfield." By J. R. Thomas. London: Metzler & Co.

THE DECCA'S OPERA QUADRILLE. By C. Goulfrey. London: Metzler & Co.

ASK MAMA VALER. By Frank Musgrave. London: Metzler & Co.

GOD SPEED THE GALATEA. By Alfred B. Allen. London: Joseph Williams.

TABLE TALK.

There are as many different modes of consuming and economising time as there are variations of character among our acquaintances. It is sufficiently puzzling to observe the mysteries of money-spending and money-saving. There are men in the receipt and expenditure of an income of some thousands a-year who get very little more out of life than others who manage their affairs on three or four pounds a-week. Their diet is not really better, their indulgences not intrinsically more numerous or costly, their mode of bestowing the good things of the world upon themselves and those belonging to them is at all appearance no more liberal. The difficulty is, however, more easily solved in the case of money than in that of time. The man of wealth who spends it without getting much out of it is one who has not the personal gifts whereby to appropriate to himself the boons of fortune.

He keeps horses, in conformity with the custom of his order, but his tastes, his spirit, or his accomplishments do not lie in the direction of enjoying the pleasures and pastimes which a good stud will afford; he has game and game-keepers and guns, but shooting is not a passion with him; he has, in short, a retinue of servants, provisions, and appliances surrounding him, carrying off as much money per annum as would make life a delight to a dozen or so of his fellow-men endowed with the talent for getting enjoyment on economical principles. The disposition of men's time is not so easily accounted for. It is a matter of common remark that those who turn over the largest amount of work are usually those who impress those about them the least with indications of their activity. There are easy-going statesmen like the late Lord Palmerston, never observed to be in a hurry, who are keeping things moving all over Europe. The Count Von Bismarck may be seen with a cigar in his mouth on a hill above Sedan, or on the terraces of Versailles, looking for all the world as if he had nothing whatever to do but to kill time, and that man we know to be finding employment for numerous military and civil officers, for ambassadors and attachés at every court, and for legions of clerks, writing as if for their lives, in nearly all the modern languages, and he is supplying the world with ever fresh topics of conversation.

Take another case. It fell to our lot at a certain period of our lives to meet a gentleman every day, at a certain hour, hurrying through a certain street in an English city, as if he had to catch a train and was in imminent peril of being too late. We discovered afterwards that he was in daily attendance, simply as one of the congregation, at the morning cathedral service, arriving in great haste each time just before the bell ceased chiming. Sitting by this gentleman's side one evening at a musical entertainment, we heard his companion ask him if he had read a certain book, and his reply was that he had not time. His friend looked at him curiously; whereupon he proceeded to say it might seem odd for him to complain of want of time, as he had no occupation, but when he had read his paper in the morning he found the hour had arrived for attendance at the cathedral service; then there was his luncheon, his walk, his little practice as an amateur musician, his dinner, and his invariable attendance at something in the shape of a concert in the evening; and so he had no time for reading. Now the odd part of the story is that there was no flaw in his statement. We submit that he fully made out his case. He certainly had no time for reading. Yet there are men occupying responsible positions, and having regular daily duties to perform which fill up many hours out of every twenty-four, who manage to know most of the languages of the world, who are proficient in most of the sciences, who are deeply read in the literatures, ancient and modern, of all nations; and these men will read any book you may mention to them, however bulky and in whatever tongue, if you can make it clear to them that it is a work worthy their attention; they will take a walk with you on a fine summer's day, if they need a little recreation and care for your company, they will oblige you by travelling down to your little provincial town and delivering a lecture at the popular institution which you have taken under your patronage, and will not interrupt the pleasant conversation at supper time with croakings about the lateness of the hour, the necessity of getting early to bed, and the urgency of being off by the first train in the morning.

The advent of the first frosty mornings in this month of November sets some of us speculating upon the effects of a changeable season upon the intellectual condition of a people. We often complain of the influence of frequent and rapid atmospheric changes on our physical constitutions, but we are not so apt to inquire into their results in relation to our mental nature. Now, inasmuch as experience is the source of all knowledge and the instrument of all culture, it seems to follow that the man whose life is passed in a climate varying as much as that of England between January, April, July, and October, who enjoys the beauties of an English spring, the luxuriance of harvest time, the mellowness of autumn, and the frigid scenes of winter, has his faculties nursed in a more favourable school than he who lives out his days in the tropics, or huddles over an oil fire in the Arctic regions. As intelligent beings, then, let us make the most of our advantages in the grizzly weather that is coming upon us.

You cannot prevent the children from lamenting the fact that next Christmas Day falls on the autumn, and that effort you may to compensate them for the apparent loss of a holiday; give them, if you like, a couple of days of special festivity in the following week; and though they will accept the boon eagerly and gratefully enough, it will not wholly remove the depressing feeling consequent upon the perversity of the twenty-fifth of December choosing the Sabbath Day for the celebration of its anniversary. This is a striking proof of the influence of imagination upon the juvenile mind. It is a question whether we have learned, as yet, how to turn to the best account, in the education of the young, the power the imagination exercises over the infantile intelligence.

AMUSEMENTS IN THE MIDLANDS.

BIRMINGHAM.—Mr. Henry Neville has been playing this week at the Theatre Royal, in "It is Never Too Late to Mend," supported by Miss Young, Miss Erskine, Mr. G. F. Sinclair, Mr. G. Pearce, and Mr. Edmond. This is the second week that has been wholly devoted to "a great drama," by Mr. Reade, but there is still hope of better things to come, for it is announced that Mr. Scherren will appear on Monday, November 21st, and that Mr. Robertson's "Birth" is in preparation. The greatest attraction lately at the Royal, has been the orchestra, which is very well conducted, and provides good music for the play-goers.—Mr. Henry Neville's English Opera Company began a brief season of a fortnight's duration at the Prince of Wales Theatre on Monday evening. Mr. Haigh is the first tenor and Madame Haigh-Dyer the prima donna. The opening opera was the "Rose of Castille," which was well received by a large audience. The "Bohemian Girl" and "Faust" followed on Tuesday and Wednesday, and "La Traviata" on Thursday. The engagement closes on Saturday, Nov. 19.

NOTTINGHAM.—"Richard III." was performed to a crowded attendance at the Theatre on Saturday night, and on Monday evening there was an entire change in the bill, Mr. Boucicault's drama "James the First" produced to a full house, and the burlesque of "Aladdin, or the Wonderful Scamp." In the first piece Mr. Holt ably sustained the character of the drunken and alternately remorseful and reckless Richard. The Christmas pantomime (for which preparations have been actively begun) is to be "Robinson Crusoe." At the Mechanic's Hall on Tuesday night Mr. J. M. Bellow recited Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," and was assisted by carrying out the entertainment by a selected choir, and by Mr. E. H. Turpin, who presided with his usual ability at the organ, Mendelssohn's music being rendered on the occasion. The large hall was crowded.

DERBY.—The *Derby Mercury*, in an article on "Amusements of the (Derby) People," says:—"Strong opposition has been taken to the Music Hall; it seems to be quite impossible to establish a theatre; the theatre is a desert; the Recreation Ground is not much better. Can no one devise some more intellectual evening amusement for the young men of Derby than their mild but monotonous tramp backwards and forwards from Bubbington House to All Saints' Church, with occasional variations in favour of the licensed victuallers on the beat?"

BRISTOL.—The fact of two new plays in one season produced in the same provincial theatre is of rare occurrence. Mr. Robinson's comedy-drama, "Birth," was produced at the New Theatre a few weeks ago for the first time, and on Tuesday night Mr. Byron favoured the Bristol playgoers with a new piece, entitled "An English Gentleman."

WOLCOSTER.—On Saturday night last, there was a "monstrous performance" at the Theatre Royal, under the management of Mr. Alfred Parry, being the firework appearance of Miss Carrie Nelson, the famous English actress. The first piece was the extravaganza entitled "Pocahontas," the character of the Princess being sustained by Miss Carrie Nelson. This was to be followed by "the historical drama 'Jack Sheppard,' the rôle of the housebreaker being entrusted to Miss Henrietta Temple. The whole to conclude with 'Under the Gaslight.' The first piece was a complete abortion; several of the most important characters were omitted from it entirely, for histrionic kings, princes, captains, heroes, and heroines of every kind can no more live on poetry and air than can day labourers and beggars; and the absent personages informed our reporter that, as they had not been been able to find money from the manager for their services during the week, and saw no prospect of getting any that night, they should 'work no longer for nothing.' Mr. J. G. Beckett, of the Worcester City Hall, was engaged 'for this night only,' to take the character of Jonathan Wild, the notorious thief-taker, and he attended a rehearsal for three or four hours on Saturday in order to be well up in his part. At night, however, before the performance commenced, he told the manager he should like to be paid for his services beforehand if he had no objection; and, as Mr. Parry had a most decided objection to do anything of the kind, Mr. Beckett at once declared that the character of thief-taker, and smoked the cabinet of peace with several kindred spirits, turn-out actors like himself, in the congenial atmosphere of 'The Shakespeare.' The first piece being concluded, a report rapidly circulated through the building that 'the manager had just halted with the brass,' leaving the actors and actresses, property men, ticket takers, &c., unpaid for their week's services, and the printers' and sundry other accounts unsettled. A strange disturbance ensued upon this report. The performers were naturally enraged at being thus treated, and the audience cried 'Shame' at the manner in which they had been deceived. The actors and actresses who had any 'property' in the house speedily transferred it to a place of security, lest they should lose not only their salaries but their wardrobes. The audience were, meanwhile, quite as busy as the actors. Some of them gave vent to their feelings in language more expressive than classical; some of the 'gods' made a desperate sortie against the proscenium, others swarmed upon the pillars from the pit, scrambled over the side of the stage into the dress circles, at the risk of their necks, and began to tear the muslin curtains. Those who had got on to the stage commenced kicking the footlights into the pit, whilst others, leaving the scenes, pushed each other against the boxes, rang the bell, and performed other antics. One individual in a fustian jacket and greasy black trousers rushed across the stage in a most excited manner, and exclaimed, 'I have a horse!—my kingdom for a horse! my kingdom for a horse!'—and this performance gave the cue to several other amateur tragedians, one of whom murdered 'Richard III.'; another himself, that ignominiously pushed into the orchestra by the Ghost of Hamlet's father. After some further hubbub the police and Mr. Russell, the lessee of the Theatre, arrived, and endeavoured to appease the malcontents, who vociferously demanded their money returned.—*Worcester Chronicle*.

MRS. J. H. RIDDELL.

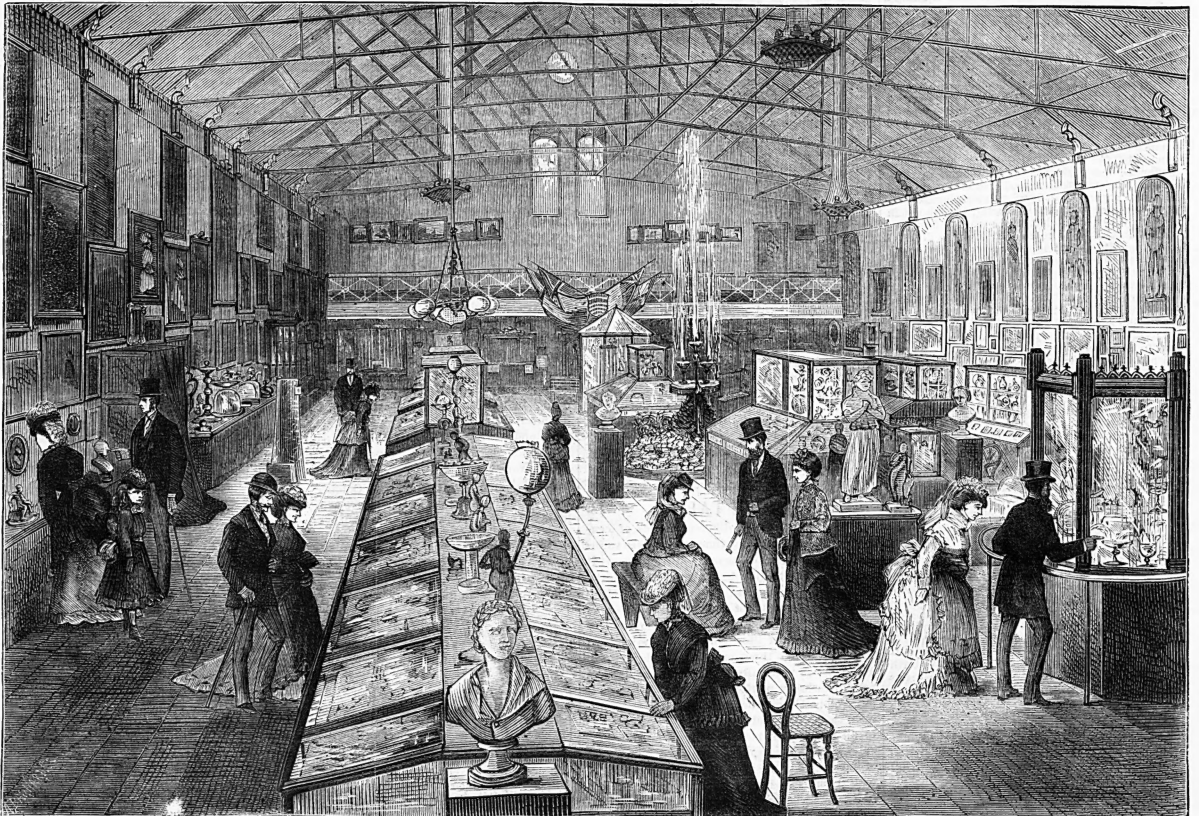
Mrs. J. H. Riddell, the lady whose portrait we publish on this page has become well known in literary circles as the writer of many successful novels. This lady, whose maiden name was Charlotte Eliza Lawson Cowan, produced her first work in 1837, which was published by Bentley. It was a three volume novel, published anonymously, entitled, "The Rich Husband." It proved successful, and was soon followed by another of the same class, "Too Much Alone." Then came "City and Suburb," and "The World and the Church," which were published by Mr. Skeet. The author did not pause, but followed up these successes with another novel—"George Geith," which was considered the best work she had written. Tinsley Brothers then became her publishers, and presented the public with "Maxwell Drewitt," "Phemie Weller," and "The Race for Wealth," all of which were three volume novels. A contemporary, in speaking of Mrs. Riddell's works, remarks:—"The author, it has been said, has one great want in her composition—she has not the slightest perception of wit or humour; be this as it may, she certainly has what some may think a more than compensating gift—we mean the power of quick discernment; that rare faculty which Sir Walter Scott's novels so happily disclose and beautifully illustrate. Her works contain clever bits of description of out-of-the-way places, and pictures of quaint old-world nooks. There is a something in them that ever and anon pulls the reader up to stop and admire some old-fashioned land-mark, overgrown now with dark-leaved ivy, and worn with the fret of years. And all this has a rare



MRS. J. H. RIDDELL.

charm for a certain order of mind." The apology was not needed, and the praise, though evidently that of a well-disposed critic, is mild. True, Mrs. Riddell's vein is not that of a humourist, but neither are Trollope, Lord Lytton, Mrs. Oliphant, nor the majority of successful novel-writers, humourists. If Mrs. Riddell were in the habit of making bad jokes, and striving in vain to gain a reputation for wit, she would have laid herself open to the remark that she had no sense of humour. As it is her works certainly betray no stolidity in that direction, no lack of perception of the absurd side of an idea or a position. What Mrs. Riddell really lacks is cheerfulness. Her writings are wholly uninspired by the faculty of hope. With her, life is always sad, tragic, mournful. Her "Life's Assize," one of the most recent of her novels, is one long strain of moral and intellectual misery. Her "Austin Friars" is full of sorrow and bitter regret. In the very end of her fictions her heroes and heroines arrive only at a poor apology for happiness. There is, nevertheless, a fine truthfulness and dramatic force in all she does. She has a remarkable power of depicting tragic and terrible emotions. The figure of Harrell in the "Life's Assize," is one of those that dwell on the memory of the reader like something that has closely touched the current of his own life. That novel was published in *St. James's Magazine*, of which Mrs. Riddell is the editor—or was when we last saw the periodical. After the author of "Adam Bede" we know of no lady novelist equal in dramatic power to Mrs. J. H. Riddell.

A Cabinet Council was held on Monday and another on Thursday.



FINE ART EXHIBITION AT CARDIFF. (See page 306.)

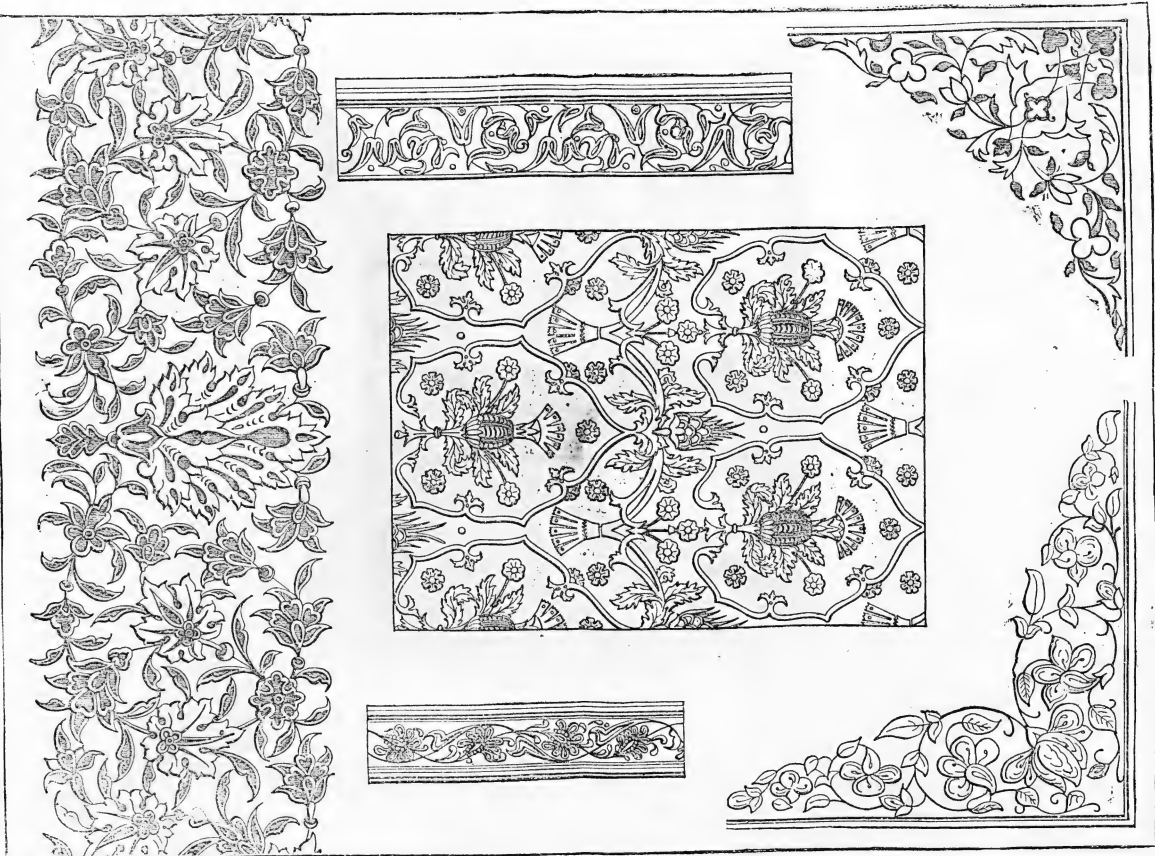


MR. VANCE'S COMIC OPERETTA, "SHELLS AND SWELLS." (See page 306.)

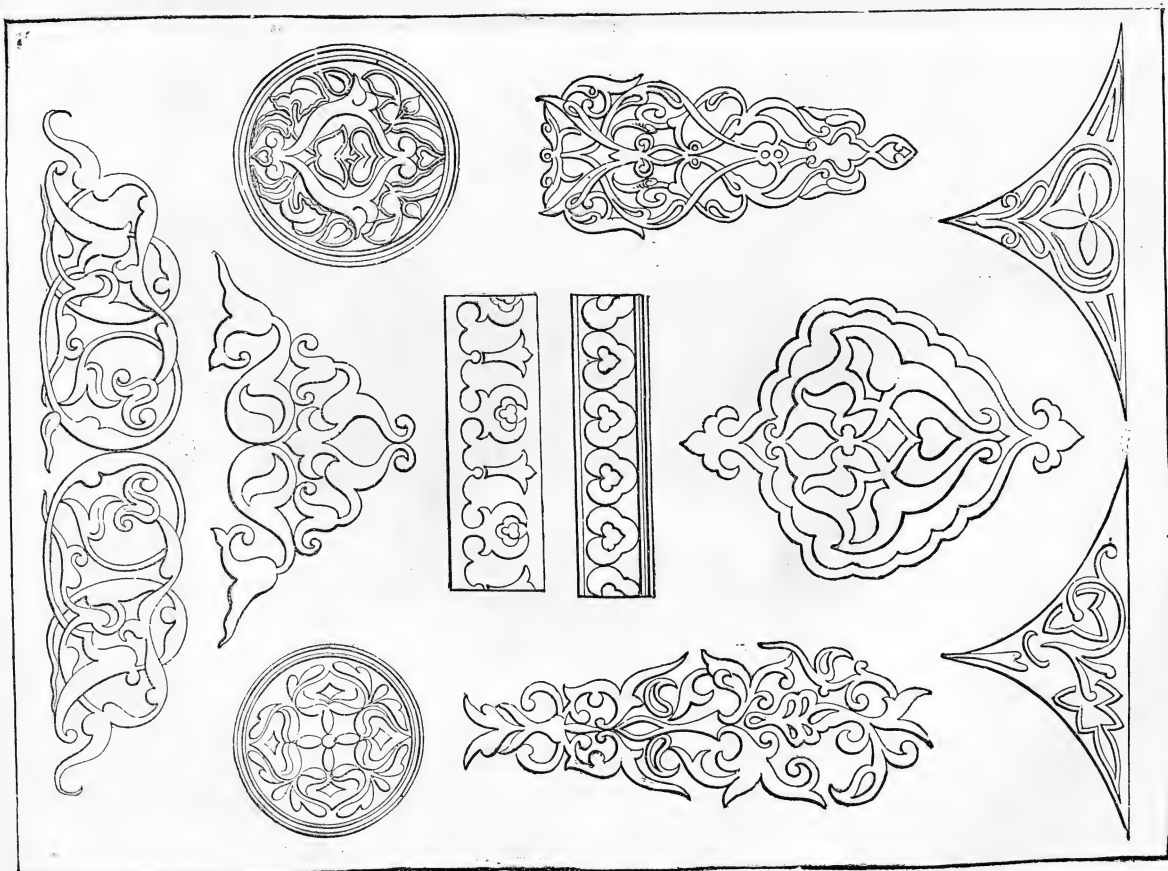


THE CASTLE GATEWAY, LEICESTER. — FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. JOHNSON OF LEICESTER. (See page 306.)

PERSIAN.



TURKISH.



TENBY.

On this page appears an illustration of the Castle, Tenby. We gave a bird's-eye view of this delightful watering place a few weeks ago, and we would refer our readers to the remarks then published for information that is unnecessary to repeat. The ruins of the Castle are not extensive, and consist principally of the keep, a small round tower, with a square one attached to it, and commanding from the summit a view of the other watch tower, which gave to the town the alarm of an approach by land. One of these is still remaining on a hill near Fry Tower, above the road to Pater, and there is a second one on the Burrows: a third and a fourth, on Windmill Hill and the Ridgeway, have been destroyed. Besides the walls and the keep, the antiquarian may examine the church, which contains a singular west doorway, a beautiful flight of steps leading to the altar, and a curiously-carved wooden roof, known by architects as a cradle roof. There are also some good monuments, amongst which is one in memory of the Whites, wealthy merchants, who helped Henry of Richmond out of the kingdom.

ST. OSYTH.

If any of our readers, tired of smoke, and bustle, and din, are sighing for some quiet nook of indolence, we would recommend them to visit St. Osyth, on the Essex coast. They will not find fly-fishing or trout-fishing, or even lovely scenery, or anything else to distract the mind, but they will seem to get outside the world, and if they like a very quiet life and contemplation it will be a paradise to them. If a bustling Londoner were made to reside here for a fortnight, against his will, the result would probably be insanity, so barren is St. Osyth of anything startling or noisy. St. Osyth's Priory (illustrated below) and the little village, which, standing round the Priory walls, still bears the name of its patron saint, are about twelve miles from Colchester. Alban Butler has the following account of this saint, whose anniversary he gives as October 7:—"She was born at Quenndon, Bucks, and was daughter to Frowald, a Mercian prince, and niece to Editha, to whom belonged the town and manor of Aylesbury, where she was brought up with her pious aunt. Osyth was married young to a king of the East Angles; but the same day obtained his consent to live always a virgin. That king confirmed her in her religious purpose, and bestowed on her the manor of Chick, in which she built a monastery. She had governed this house many years with great sanctity, when she was crowned with martyrdom in the irrods of Hingwar and Hubba, the barbarous Danish leaders, being beheaded for her constancy in her faith and virtue, about the year 870. For fear of the Danish pirates, her body, after some time, was removed to Aylesbury, where it remained forty six years, after which it was brought back to Chick or Chich, in Essex, near Colchester, which place was for some time called St. Osyth, as Camden takes notice. A great abbey of regular canons was erected here, under her invocation, which continued to the dissolution, famous for its store of relics, and honoured with many miracles." The large gate-way, shown in our engraving, is probably not the original entrance of the Priory, for on the west side of it is a handsome Norman gateway, through which, in the twelfth century, the visitor must have found his way to the abbot's chambers. The present gateway, however, which leads into a grand and spacious quadrangle, is a very handsome and imposing structure, three storeys in height and battlemented, and as perfect now as on the day when it was first erected. It is of hewn stone, mixed with flint, having two towers and piers, and in its general features reminds the traveller and antiquary of the Abbey-gate of St. John at Colchester, and of the ecclesiastical remains at Bury St. Edmund's. On the south and west sides of the quadrangle are stables and offices of more than ordinary extent, and bearing signs of great antiquity.

OXFORD.

"A Cathedral," says Coleridge, "is petrified religion." Oxford is petrified history. It is far more than this. While it embodies the past, it is deeply penetrated by the future. Past, present, and future are brought into such close contact that they are absolutely interfused. The buildings are chronicles written in stone. The permanent denizens form the thought and lead the opinions of their age. The temporary residents will hereafter rule the nation in Church and State. In most towns antiquity is inseparable from mouldiness; archaism is but another word for decay; that which is old is ready to vanish away. In Oxford ancient memories do but add fresh force to modern resolves. Oxford is a Cathedral city, but if it were merely that it would have absolutely no influence upon nation. We all know what kind of society is to be found in such towns—how in them the most narrow and reactionary ideas are cherished long after they have been abandoned elsewhere. In Oxford the ultra-Conservatism—the desire to conserve a thing merely because it is old—has no chance against the current of modern aspirations. Oxford could never have been the chief nursery of statesmen if it had been like the other seats of bishoprics.

To walk the streets of Oxford is a liberal education, even though the wayfarer should never become a member of the University. There are few cities in the world which have such an entrance as that into Oxford over Magdalen Bridge. Grandeur approaches you will find in numbers, but none comparable to



THE CASTLE, TENBY.

this in the union of various kinds of beauty, which at once satisfies the eye and fires the imagination. There are scores of streets in London, Paris, and other capitals twice or thrice the length of "the High," but where will you see such a gracious curve, such a succession of buildings—not as in one of Baron Haussmann's Boulevards, each one the counterpart of all the rest; but each different, and all by their variety making an unrivalled whole? In all the world there is nothing more beautiful of its kind than the tower where on May-day morning the choristers used to chant their requiem for the Seventh Henry, and where they still sing their Eucharistic Hymn. Pass on and gaze with reverence at the crumbling walls, now in their seventh century, which William of Durham built,

of fur, seated on one side of the table, disputed in theology and philosophy with the poor scholars kneeling humbly on the ground, and scarcely competent, one would think, to cope with their antagonists on such unequal terms. Luckily for the humble disputants, the Fellows and the D.D.'s in time got bored by this performance, interposing as it did between hungry men and their food, and so the custom was abolished. Just beyond Queen's is St. Mary's Church, with its niche adorned with the image of the Virgin, placed there by Laud, the erection whereof was one of the articles of impeachment against the fore-mentioned prelate. A little further up the street is the church built by the famous logician who so long vexed the ingenious and puzzled youth of Oxford. This

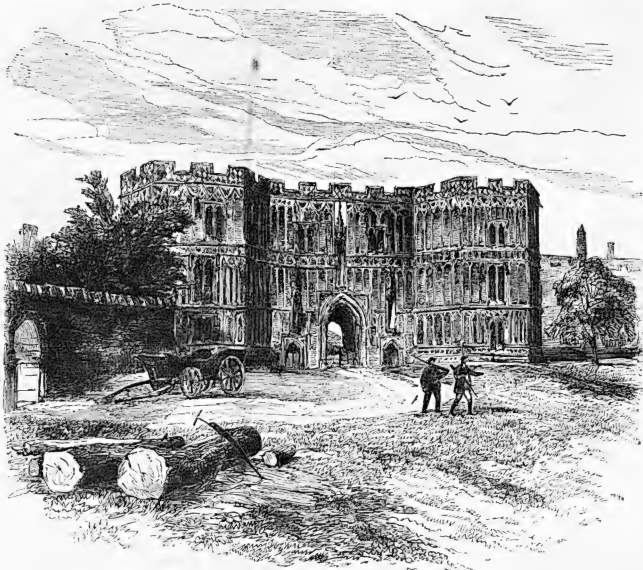
to overflowing when any contemporary Son of Thunder holds forth. Still continuing our walk, we have a glimpse of the castle whence the Empress Maud, so sore beset by Stephen, fled across the frozen Isis, through the deep snow, on foot to Abingdon; and then, a few yards farther on, we find ourselves at the railway station, passing in a minute from the age of the Conqueror's grand-daughter to that of George the Third.

Separated by nearly the whole breadth of Oxford are two famous colleges—Christ Church and Balliol. It is not merely space which separates them. Christ Church is the college of the wealthy; Balliol is the college of the industrious. Of course, in so large a society as the first, there will be real students, but it is essentially the resort of the "golden youth," who go to Oxford to "see life." Balliol isolated against all such; its gates can be passed only by those who possess the key of knowledge. Nor is it only in this respect that Cardinal Wolsey's splendid institution, and the more modest one of the King of Scotland's father, differ. The two are the head-quarters of antagonistic schools of theology. Christ Church has long been the *locus* of the leader of the High Church party. Balliol is the abode of Professor Jewett, and the rendezvous of ecclesiastical Liberalism. You may look down from the windows of Balliol upon the spot where Ridley and Latimer suffered martyrdom. Is not the story thereof told in the local chronicle? "For three loads of wool faggots to burn Ridley and Latimer, 12s. 0d.; item, one load of furze faggots, 3s. 4d.; item, a post, 1s. 4d.; item, two chains, 3s. 4d.; item, two staples, 6d." And as you read the bill you will, perhaps, ask yourself what they would say if they were living now respecting these rival schools of thought. This is not the place to guess their verdict. If you ask which school is gaining most ground, we are not prepared to say. "Walk on towards the park, and you will see a building of very large proportions, fresh from the masons' hands; and when you are told the name of it, and that it is erected in reverential memory of John Keble, you will inquire what visible proof of progress his theological rivals can show that will compare with this? They will answer by pointing to the "Schools;" to the long list of Balliol men in the honours list. High Churchmen will reply, numbering the religious institutions which have been formed of late years; the "Evangelist Fathers" at Cowley, and the Sisterhood close by the lovely cemetery at Holy Well; the noble Basilica Church, just built by a magnificent Oxford layman. Then would come the Broad Church rejoinder in the names of books written, in the claims to improved criticism, and to greater freedom of thought secured for members of the National Church, both cleric and lay. We are not careful to decide between the disputants. It is enough to know that in Oxford there is room for both; that both have a fair field; that in Oxford, as in all places else, the truth is not monopolised by any one school. In Oxford each is true, each will prevail, for *Magna est veritas et prevalebit*.

But let it not be thought that theology monopolises even the graver thoughts of Oxford. The Union and the Museum are proud to the century. At the Union politics absorb a very large share of attention; and here post-future M.P.'s qualify themselves for addressing a more illustrious assembly, by gauging questions of State policy at the University Museum science is taught. True, the men who learn are said, in undergraduate parlance, more Saxon than euphonious, "to go in for Stinks"—a proof that science is not held in the highest estimation on the Isis. Nevertheless, great progress has been made towards a better state of things. It is but ten years since the Museum was built. The Ashmolean, indeed, is two centuries old, but then it was only a collection of curiosities—the first in the kingdom, but it mentioned, to the credit of Oxford, yet still only a collection of curiosities made in the old unsystematic age. A great step was taken when Natural Science was made a separate branch of study, qualifying students for a degree and for honours. If candidates for this trip had been few hitherto, the fault has rested with the public schools, which, until the last two or three years, have thought more of Greek lambics than of the whole circle of the sciences. That fault is being rapidly repaired.

For the indolent there are billiards, pipes, and novels; novels read in winter by the cosy fireplaces of the Union; novels read on the green sward of the gardens beneath the venerable trees, homes of the caving rooks that wheel over the towers and spires of college and church. For the social there are friends by the hundred, each appropriating some fragment of time until none is left for the tutor. For the sensual there is boundless extravagance in dress, and breakfasts and wines without number. The wonder is, not that there is so much idleness and profligacy in Oxford, but that there is so little. It speaks well for the self-restraint of our middle and upper-class youth that so many of them leave Oxford not only without reproach but with honours. It would be sad, indeed, were it otherwise. The University career is, if it be honourable, the happiest period of life. The school-boy has become a "man" in his own estimation, and in the courteous fiction of society. He is freed from the bondage of tutors and governors, but has not yet been called upon to undertake the responsibilities and burdens of independence. It is a glimpse of primeval happiness—of the days before the flaming sword of the cherubim drove Adam out from the garden to labour with sweat of brow in the wilderness. —Globe.

Mr. Shirley Brooks, as editor of *Punch*, has received more than 600 letters suggesting "the maiden all for Lorn" as a joke!



THE PRIORY GATEWAY, ST. OSYTH.

and called University College. Then mark the contrast of buildings opposite—Queen's college, a modern structure; for in Oxford a hundred years are but as yesterday. Not that the foundation of the Queen's is new. It dates from the time of Philip; and if you are a guest, you will be summoned to dinner by the blast of a trumpet, as guests and inmates have been summoned before you for five hundred years. You will not, however, have to wait for your meal as your predecessors had, while the Fellows in scarlet robes and the D.D.'s in their robes

church, which Aldrich built, is variously known as the Town Church, and more often as "Corfax;" hard Saxon rendering for softer French, "quatre voix." The Mayor and the Corporation go to this church; the Vice-Chancellor and the proctors and doctors go to the other. The Town Church has been the pulpit of many an eloquent preacher since the logician dean designed it. The University Church has heard—its worshippers have heard, and will never forget—the deep, earnest, solemn tones of John Henry Newman. To-day also it is thronged

MARIE TOUCHET.

English artists must not claim exclusive credit for the painting of charming domestic scenes. On this page appears an engraving from a very beautiful oil painting by M. Comte, exhibited at the Paris Salon in the spring of this year. The work is full of expression, and the treatment is exquisitely chaste and delicate. M. de Pontmartin, a French critic, who wrote elaborate notices of the exhibition, speaks of its pretty composition and able execution; but, in its composition, the English connoisseur will perceive something more than prettiness. The work is inspired by a certain tenderness and purity of feeling. The child, which is, somehow, characteristically French, must please every spectator, and the fair Marie is adapted to win favour in this country by a certain resemblance which she bears to our Princess of Wales.

SWEDENBORG A SNUFFER.—Swedenborg took snuff profusely, and carelessly strewed it over his papers and the carpet. His manuscripts bear its traces to this day. His carpet set those sneezing who shook it. One Sunday he desired to have it taken up and beaten. Shearsmith objected, "Better wait till to-morrow." "Dat be good! Dat be good!" was his answer. — *White's Life of Swedenborg*, 2nd edition, p. 666.

Miss Phoebe Cozens undertakes to demonstrate that man's sphere, biblically laid down, is to do house-work, and especially "wash dishes," by the Scriptural allusion (see Kings, 21c., 13v.) "I will wipe Jerusalem as a man wipeth a dish; wiping it and turning it upside down."

A FORECAST BY THACKERAY.—"Saul among the prophets" could hardly be regarded as a greater phenomenon than Thackeray in the company of Cumming and Zadkiel. Yet the humorist is not without claim to second sight; and in the picture which he drew twenty years ago of "England in 1869," he foretold, with an accuracy which only just missed the mark, the event which forms now the chief topic of conversation in society. Writing at a time when the allied houses of Russell, Grey, and Elliott were predominant, his forecast is naturally a little influenced by that fact; but in other respects it is wonderfully correct:—"We have heard in the very highest quarters rumours which give us the sincerest delight. We have heard it stated that the august mother and father of a numerous and illustrious race, whose increase is dear to the heart of every Briton, have determined no longer to seek for German alliances for their exalted children, but to look at home for establishments for those so dear to them. More would be at present premature. We are not at liberty to mention particulars, but it is whispered that her Royal Highness the Princess Bonedica is about to confer her royal hand upon a young nobleman who is eldest son of a noble peer, who is connected with our noble and venerable Premier, with the Foreign and Colonial Secretaries, and with H. G. the Archbishop of Canterbury. The same 'little bird' also whispers that his Royal Highness Prince Hengist has cast an eye of princely approbation upon a lovely and accomplished young lady of the highest classes, whose distinguished parents are 'free the North'; whose name is known and beloved throughout the wide dominions of Britain's sway in India, at the Admiralty, at the Home and Colonial Offices, in both Houses of Parliament, and who are allied with that great and illustrious family who have rendered such priceless service to the country in the maintenance of that cause for which Hampden bled on the field, while they paid their part on the scaffold. . . . The *Swiss Review* Government Print, (London, February 2, 1849.)" The Argyle pedigree has been so fully investigated that it is hardly necessary to mention its connection with the Foreign Secretary; but it may be added that the Archbishop of Canterbury's mother was a Campbell, and it will be hard if the Scottish ancestry of the Premier cannot in some way claim kinship with MacCallum More. — *Full Mail Gazette*.

"DIRTY DICK'S."—Spontaneous reforms are taking place in the regulations of London refreshment houses and drinking bars. Our attention has been called by the London City Press to a rather striking instance. It is that of an establishment recently erected upon the site of a building famed in the annals of east London, called "Dirty Dick's." The old stuccoed house in Bishopsgate, known as "Dirty Dick's," has been pulled down to save it from falling, and in its place there has arisen a lofty building which seems to overtop the recently erected police station—the only really respectable one in the city—and all other buildings in the immediate vicinity. Messrs. Barker's new building is to be christened the "Bishopsgate Distillery," but it will be difficult for older citizens, at least, to dissociate the place from its old name. "Dirty Dick's," though some of its characteristics, at least, will be destroyed. A small portion of the ancient house still remains, the new premises having literally been built over the heads of the occupants; and it is said that old traditions are to be so far respected that the low, grimy ceiling, the bruised, battered, and dull metal counter, and

tion is a representation of the old Bishopsgate, which, however, is placed too high to be seen well. The builder is Mr. Conder, whose contract amounts to between £9,000 and £10,000; but this includes the distillery and other buildings at the rear, with extensive vaults, which will partly supersede the present cellars, wherein one might well lose oneself amid the mazy piles of bins and bottles. The establishment has been in existence, it seems, for upwards of a century. How it got the name of "Dirty Dick's" it is difficult to tell. The original Dirty Dick's was an ironmonger's shop in Leadenhall Street, and it has been celebrated in the popular song of "The King of the Cannibal Islands."

His palace was like Dirty Dick's; 'Twas built of mud for want of bricks;

and in our own day by Mr. Allingham, in his poem of "The Dirty Old Man," which first appeared in "Household Words," and follows the tradition that the ironmonger, then a young and handsome man, had prepared a feast at which he expected, among other guests, the young lady to whom he was engaged; but, instead of her, he

LORD LYTTON AS A POET.—*The Times*, in a review of "King Arthur," by Lord Lytton, says: "A great novelist from his youth up, a great master of prose, his dearest wish has ever been that he might also be a great poet. What is it that has denied him the fulfilment of this supreme desire? Was it that he came too close to Scott, and that the Fates refused in one century to anoint two men with a double royalty so far as their fellows? But between being a great poet and no poet at all there lies a long gradation of merit and demerit. None can doubt that Lord Lytton's place in the scale of poetic dignity is very high. He is a poet by art, by industry, by persistence, by everything except by nature. The singing blood that ran in Wordsworth's and Keat's veins may not run in his. His verses may lack the refined and chaste mannerism, the subtle flavour of the soil which distinguishes their verse and that of all their contemporaries, which renders four lines by Keats as unlike four others by Byron, even when in the same metre, as though written in a different language. Nevertheless, Lord Lytton's poetry is often most excellent, choice in expression, full of fire, plenteous in thought, and rich with the aptest

imagery—we can find no fault in it, save that there is the one thing wanting, the secret, the pearl, which being found, all else may be trodden under foot. The last transmutation, the supreme alchemy in which thought and language meet together and become the purest poetry, and is effected by a celestial fire which cannot be flched by any art. The wondrous spark is struck out within the soul by natural forces beyond the imitation of any chymistry and mechanics. Endued with it the ploughman has left his plough, and the apothecary's boy his medicines, and uttered songs which fill the educated intellect of the world with awe and rapture. Lord Lytton cannot vie with these; he has worked in their metals; he has passed a long life at the furnaces; his ore is good, but it never quite reaches fusing heat; it adheres, but does not run together. He has not attained, and can never now attain, to what is perhaps the highest reach of human ambition—a place among the poets who have touched the English, or, rather, the human heart.

THE RIVER CAM.—The disgraceful and foul condition of the river Cam, at Cambridge, calls for immediate action, and on Monday morning a special meeting of the Cambridge Improvement Commissioners was held in the Town hall for the purpose of taking prompt measures for diverting the sewage from the river, and to consider the advisability of proceeding to Parliament for the necessary powers. A discussion arose, and it transpired that the meeting was not a legally constituted one, and that, therefore, should there be any opposition to the Parliamentary measure, and that opposition successful, the costs would fall upon those who convened the meeting, which was consequently adjourned until the 22nd instant.

MANNINGHAM PARK.—Some months ago, it was reported in *The Times* that the Bradford Corporation had resolved to purchase Manningham Park, and to dedicate it for the use of the public. The estate is an ornamental one, fine timber being scattered over it, and consists of 54 acres, with a large mansion in the centre. Its estimated value is £65,000, and Mr. S. C. Lister, of Beamsley Hall, Bolton Bridge, offered it to the Corporation, with a view to its being retained as a public park for ever, for £40,000, which is the price paid. At noon on Saturday the Mayor of Bradford (Mr. Mark Dawson) and the members of the Corporation took formal possession of the estate. Assembling at the hall, the Mayor proceeded to plant two young trees—an oak and an elm. He then delivered a congratulatory address, and expressed a wish they might each long live and prosper, and acknowledged the advantages which such a beautiful retreat would afford. Hearty cheers were then given to the Queen, and also for Mr. C. S. Lister, the vendor. Mr. Lister, in acknowledging the compliment, alluded to the story of the Park and the circumstances which had induced him to offer it to the Corporation. The company then adjourned, and the took of a luncheon provided in the hall, and the estate was then formally conveyed from the vendor to the Mayor and Corporation.



MARIE TOUCHET.—FROM A PAINTING BY M. COMTE.

the antiquated fittings of the bar, are to remain, or some of them; whilst the code of rules by which the house has been governed time out of mind is to be kept in force. One of these rules would appear to be that the barmen should not partake of the character of the surroundings, for they are invariably smart and clean. This is rather an understood than a written law. What, however, is really written and posted in the place, so that every one may see, is:—"That no person is to be served twice; no error admitted or money exchanged after leaving the counter. No improper language permitted; no smoking allowed." To this is added a note regarding the quality of the goods sold, and instructions to customers in the event of incivility on the part of the attendants; and then comes the following:—"Our shop being small, difficulty occasionally arises in supplying the customers, who will greatly oblige by bearing in mind the good old maxim, 'When you are in a place of business, transact your business, and go about your business.' Closed on Sundays." The new building has four storeys above the shop; the material is brick, with stone dressings; and a feature of the decor-

received a message telling of her sudden death, and thereupon locked up the room, and let his house and person fall into a state of neglect and dirt which at length made them famous:—"Full forty years since turned the key in that door—" "Is a room dead and dumb 'mid the city's uproar?" The guests for whose joyance that table was spread May now enter as ghosts, for they're everyone dead. Through a chink in the shutter dim lights come and go, The seats are in order, the dishes a-row; But the luncheon was wealth to the rat and the mouse, Whose descendants have long left the Dirty Old House. "Dirty Dick" was only a nickname; the man's real name was Nathaniel Bentley, and his eccentricities have been described by "Aleph" in "City Scamps."

THE DIAMOND FIELDS OF SOUTH AFRICA.—We understand that Mr. Streeter, the well-known jeweller, in conjunction with one or two other gentlemen, have organized an expedition to the above; and have secured the services of Mr. T. W. Tobin, Secretary of the Royal Polytechnic Institution. On Mr. Tobin's return the public is promised a full and accurate account of that interesting locality and its valuable products, in an illustrated lecture at the Polytechnic.

NEWS OF THE MIDLANDS.

ERRATUM.—By an error in our printing office the inscription under our engraving of Moseley Hall last week was "Moseley Hall, Warwickshire;" it should have been "Moseley Hall, Staffordshire."

THE HUNT.—The North Warwickshire Hounds meet on Tuesday at Princeporth; Thursday, at Rugby Station; Friday, at Wroxall Abbey.—The Duke of Rutland's Hounds meet on Saturday at Elton; Monday, at Harlaxton; Tuesday, at Sutton Hall; Wednesday, at Waltham; Friday, at Newton Toll Bar.

THE BIRMINGHAM CATTLE AND DOG SHOW.—The entries for the Great Midland Cattle Show to be opened here on the 26th instand, have just been closed, and they include 151 head of cattle, against 111 last year; 75 sheep entries against 60 in 1869; and 61 pigs against 45. There were 234 entries of roots, and 46 of corn. The National Dog Show is becoming more popular than ever. Something like a thousand applications have been received, but the committee have been able to find room for only 870. This is a larger number than at any previous exhibition.

BUSSES FOR BAGDAD.—Is there a place in the world where it would seem so odd to ride in a 'bus as Bagdad? Nevertheless, omnibuses are about to run in the city of the Caliphs; they have been ordered at Birmingham from the Midland Waggon Company—eight tramways cars, two first and six second class—and the constructors are on the point of despatching the carriages for service in the metropolis of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. Railway ruins up and down the long way to Bagdad, and telegraph wires between Mounts Ebal and Gerizim, are scarcely so incongruous at first sound as a tramway on American principles in the bazaar at Bagdad. One would half expect to see Sinbad the Sailor getting in to go down to his ship, and asking small change for one of those diamonds which he got from the eagles' nests; or the three one-eyed Calendars might be fancied climbing together on to the safe-board, while any tall voyaged figure might be Zobeide, and the dignified personage beside her in plain clothes her lord and master Haroun-al-Raschid on one of his anonymous expeditions. The dream would vanish at the cry: "Any gentleman for Bagdad? Bagdad? all the way for two pence." But what an "eight voyage" old Sinbad might indite if he could come over through the Suez Canal and fetch those tramway omnibuses himself!—*Daily Telegraph.*

LEICESTER CHAMBER OF AGRICULTURE.—A large and interestingly-attended meeting of the Leicester Chamber of Agriculture was held on Saturday, at noon, at the Bell Hotel, Leicester, when Mr. J. E. Bennett, the chairman, presided, and was supported by Mr. U. Maynard, M.P., vice-chairman; Sir Hen. Halford, Albert Poll, M.P., Mr. T. W. Clowes, M.P., &c. Two subjects were brought forward for discussion—that of the new regulations in reference to the insurance of farming stock to be brought forward, and the establishment of waterside markets. In reference to the former, on the motion of Mr. Pell, a resolution was adopted as follows:—"That this Chamber expresses its satisfaction at the conduct of those interested in agriculture which have not made any change in their terms of insurance of agricultural produce this year." The subject of the establishment of waterside markets for foreign cattle was next brought forward, and after a lengthy discussion, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:—"That all foreign cattle be slaughtered at waterside markets, to be established at all ports of debarkation, and that the Metropolitan Market be opened as before the introduction of the cattle plague; the above resolution not to include home-bred stock, which must be subject to quarantine and not be pitted in any market." Mr. Pell moved "That this Chamber express its hope that her Majesty's Government will not hesitate with reference to the establishment of a foreign cattle-market, already too long delayed, to enforce the provisions of the Cattle Diseases Animal Act of 1868." The motion, having been seconded, was carried unanimously. The Chamber also resolved that the business committee of the Central Chamber comprise one representative from every provincial Chamber, in addition to the member appointed at the deputation, after which the meeting was adjourned until the 26th inst.

WINTER FANCIES.

I.
The gloom of the summer forest,
The light on the summer sea,
The mournful glories of moonlight,
The dawning's heart of gloom,
Voices of birds'neath cottage eaves,
Dancing shadows of wind-kiss'd leaves,
Whisper and rustle of autumn sheaves,
Have stolen their beauty from thee.

II.
Sad to me the joys thou wilt not share,
Unblest by thee no summer thoughts are fair.
But when, as now, the dreary rain
Falls with the voice of ceaseless pain,
And the wind is spent with sighing,
And slow the darker clouds sail by,
Beneath a waste of leaden sky,
And the sorrow of the heart is dying:
Even now, because they smile
Lights my fancy all the while,
Sitting gladly still, I see
All the spring's sweet bravery;
Turrets, builded gorgeously
Shining from the western sky
Over meadows newly green,
Where the hand of dawn has been,
Leaving a sign in gold and rose,
Where the first day in the hollow blows.

D. CHRISTIE.

Policeman Chas. Wade, 22, Haver Lane, Smithfield, says: Dec. 18, 1868.—Last June, my left leg swelled and pained me so I could not use it. My leg was treated for inflammation and in three weeks pronounced it cured. But as soon as I went on duty the pain and swelling returned, and in a few days it was four months. I then, as advised, tried Davis's Pain Killer, and in four days went on duty, and have been well ever since."

NEW PATENTS.

(Contributed by Messrs. Payne and Talbot, 1, Bennett's-hill, and 56, Ann-street, Birmingham.)
Improvements in machinery or apparatus for spinning, twisting, and rearing worsted or other fibrous substances. J. Speight, Bradford, Yorkshire.
Improvements in apparatus for photographic printing. B. J. Edwards, London.
New perforated fire-bars, applicable to locomotive and steam boilers. F. Broughton, London.
Improvements in apparatus for facilitating travelling on foot. T. J. Guy, London.
Improvements in glass structures for horticultural purposes. W. E. Rendle, London.
An improved electro-magnetic engine. W. Daniel and H. Lund, London.
Improvements in the manufacture of elastic fabrics suitable for gussets. J. Miller and J. Miller, jun., Peckham, Surrey.
Improvements in apparatus adapted to be used for refrigerating, and also for heating purposes. E. G. Peacock, Bath, Somersetshire.
Improvements in springs and in apparatus for making them. J. B. Huddyside and T. R. Xarrow, Glasgow, Lanarkshire, N.B.
Improvements in furnaces and in apparatus connected therewith. D. Smith, Liverpool.
Improvements in apparatus for raising, lowering, and discharging ships' loads. G. Nelson, Liverpool.
Improvements in ropes and cables. R. H. Pounds, London.
Improvements in compounds for insulating telegraph wires, the manufacture of flexible tubing, and other like purposes. D. Spill, London.
Improvements in printing telegraph apparatus. W. R. Lake, London. (A communication from E. W. Andrews, New Jersey, U.S., and G. B. Field, New York, U.S.)
(Patents upon which the 550 Stamp Duty has been paid.)
Improvements in the manufacture of backs and handles for brushes. J. J. Hicks, London.
Improvements in mat and matting. W. Coombe, London, and W. Francis, Clapham, Surrey.
Improvements in doubling, folding, or plaiting woven or other web fabrics, and in the machinery or apparatus employed therein or connected therewith. J. Orr, Glasgow, Lanarkshire, N.B.
Improved means of joining leather or other material in the constructing or repairing of straps or driving belts for machinery. W. Dickinson, Leeds, Yorkshire.
Improvements in the treatment of gun cotton and charges or cartridges made thereof, as also in the compounds employed in their manufacture. E. C. Trevellick, Ipswich, Suffolk.
Improvements in fuel-feeding apparatus for steam boilers. R. Newton, Keston, Yorkshire.
Improvements in apparatus for distilling, heating, evaporating, and cooling liquids. J. F. Brinjes, London.
Improvements in gloves. J. Wheeler, London.
Improvements in apparatus for regulating or adjusting the position of endless travelling webs or bands, employed in various kinds of machinery. C. Anderson, Leslie, Fife, N.B.
Improvements in the construction of locomotive engines for mountain, rail, or tramways. R. F. Ratier, London.
Improvements in apparatus for stirring or agitating solid substances, and for exposing them to the action of air, gas, and vapours. A. McDougall, Manchester.
Improvements in joining war ends, and in apparatus employed therein. J. H. W. Biggs, Manchester, and A. W. Biggs, Liverpool.
Improvements in, or applicable to, that apparatus known as "Giffard's Injector," and in the method of constructing or tools for making the same. J. Gresham, Manchester.

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Birmingham, September 5th, 1870. [28]

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SPECIMEN ISSUE EARLY IN DECEMBER, 1870.

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MIDLAND RAILWAY.

ADDITIONAL AND ALTERATION OF TRAINS BETWEEN BIRMINGHAM AND KING'S NORTON, Commencing on TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 1st, 1870.
NEW TRAINS will run from Birmingham to King's Norton at 1-25 and 8-30 p.m., and from King's Norton to Birmingham at 1-58 and 9-0 p.m., calling at all intermediate Stations.
10-10 p.m. Birmingham to King's Norton, Redditch, &c., will leave at 10-10 p.m.
JAMES ALLPORT, General Manager.
Derby, 1870. [96]

BIRMINGHAM CANAL NAVIGATIONS.

—The Committee of the Birmingham Canal Company are prepared to RECEIVE OFFERS OF LOANS, at Four per cent. per annum, for periods of three, five, or seven years, or to be repayable at six months' notice.

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Applications may be made to Mr. Robert Thomas, Clerk to the Company, at the Navigation Office, Park Street, Birmingham. [104]

CHAS. R. REEVES & SWORD CUTLER, &c.,

20, GEORGE STREET, PARADE BIRMINGHAM. [100]

THE BIRMINGHAM RED BOOK for 1871 will be published as usual at the end of the present year, by HALL and EXETER, No. 71, High Street. HALL and EXETER make the announcement thus early, because they have been informed that a Local Almanack is already in preparation, containing information copied from the Red Book, with the evident intention of anticipating their publication. [100]

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WALKER'S CRYSTAL CASE WATCHES are superseding all others.—PRIZE MEDALS, London, 1862; Paris, 1867. Gold from £16 15s.; Silver from 25s.—6s. Cornhill; 250, Regent-street; and 79, Strand.

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CIGAR LIGHTS.—The NEW PATENT PENCIL CIGAR LIGHT. Sent Twenty-five Stamps to A. R. THOMAS'S Magical Repository, 90, NEW STREET, Birmingham. [82]

THE ROSE OF THE BATTLE FIELD. Song. Written by Dr. CARPENTER. Music by J. L. HATTON. Price 3s., post free for 18 stamps.—Mr. Hatton has done his part in a pleasing and attractive.—Orchestra, 15, 1870.

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